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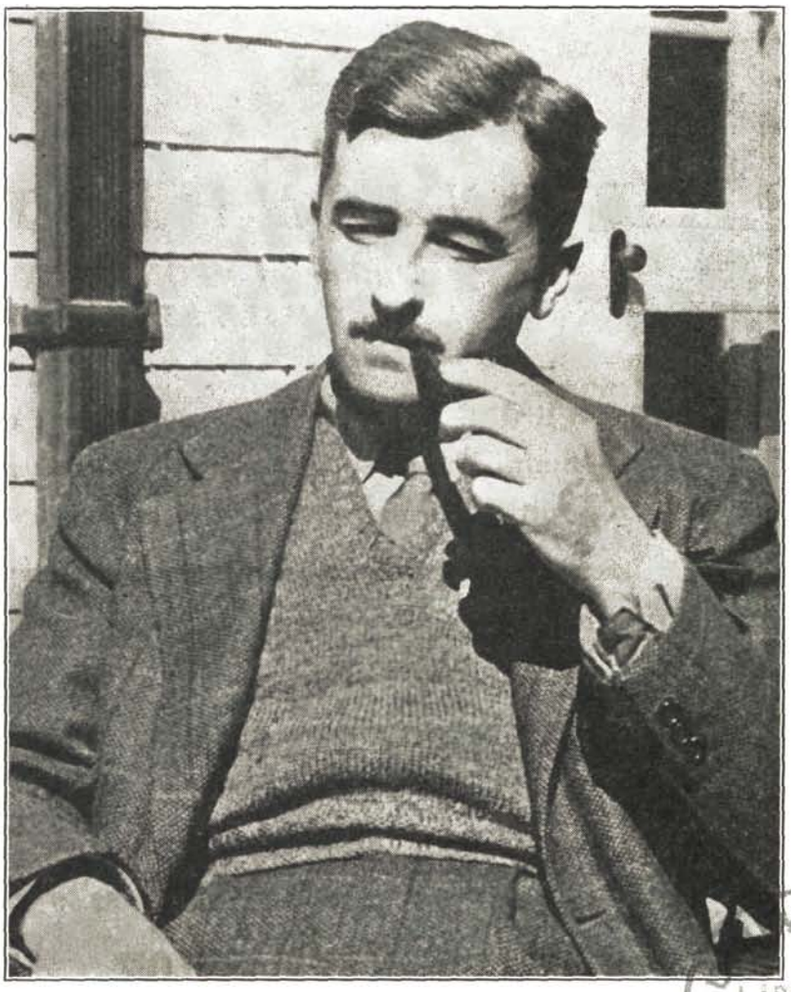

WILLIAM FAULKNER

"Despite the shock-tactics he employs, the chances that he takes, and the slippery path he treads—he does not skid" . . .
(See page 5)

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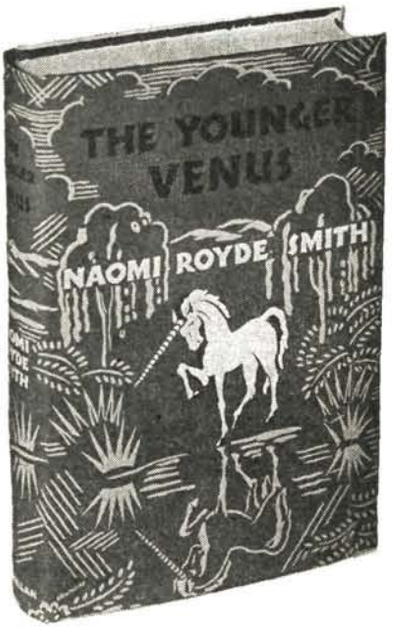

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The Road to Modernism

BY ADDISON HIBBARD

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"Do our contemporary writers use strange devices?" . . . (Picasso: "Woman Holding a Book," courtesy London Studio.)

PERHAPS no truer characterization of contemporary literature can be offered than to say that it is simply the literature of the past—in new combinations and with new emphases. So accustomed is the reader to think of the "modern" as the "new" that he forgets a fact he knows well—that new movements and tendencies are simply old conceptions revamped. Give a recent college graduate, nourished on formal courses in literature, a copy of "New Directions," or give a man whose reading may have stopped with Kipling's "Soldiers Three," some of John Dos Passos's "camera eye" passages to read, and the two will tell you in chorus that what you have given them is nonsense. And yet it is likely that their condemnation means only that they are ignorant of what happened in literature and the other arts during a decade or two at the close of the nineteenth century.

The conventional approach to literature has generally been through one of two gateways. We have classified chronologically—The Age of Chaucer, The Age of Shakespeare, The Age of Milton; or we have classified by types—the lyric, the drama, the novel. We have interpreted our writers in the light of political and social influences and we have broken up their spirit into bits easily classified for the purposes of the classroom. But we have seldom conceived of literature as the expression of great moods which have dominated the race at different periods in its development even as they have dominated the individual in changing periods of his life.

And yet a good case can be made for just this conception. Discard, if you can, your ingrained tendency to think of the stream of literature as dividing itself into chronological periods or into types of writing, and think of it as an expression of the great moods or tempers to which man is heir. The race, like the individual, is moody, variable in temper. As you and I have hours, perhaps even days and years, when our life flows along calmly and serenely, we also have periods of great exuberance, moments when we dream and idealize, periods when we are determined to face life sternly and seek out actuality, brief epochs when we are poetical and fanciful, as well as hours of dejection and deep introspection. Sometimes these moods conflict, sometimes they overlap. Only rarely does one temper persist in an individual throughout life to the exclusion of the others—and when it does so dominate a single life it results in a genius or a maniac.

I believe that something like this sequence characterizes the stream of literature. For centuries literature was dominated by a mood of calm serenity; life and civilization were fairly firmly established, restraint and self-possession and a sense of decorum were in control. This gave us the literary expression or temper which we have long thought of as classical. Whenever society enters upon this calm, established way, we have a "classical" art—whether it be in ancient Athens, in Rome, or later on in Paris or London. Again, literature in different periods has been ebullient, enthusiastic, has given itself over to dreams and idealization in the manner of youth, a mood which characterized the Renaissance, and the early nineteenth century in Europe and America generally. This enthusiasm we call the romantic temper. When man and society have become factual-minded and scientific, we have a realistic or naturalistic temper; when man becomes fancifully poetic, subtle, delicate in his expression, our literature seeks voice through a rich mood of symbolism; and when man and society become psychologically introspective, analytical of emotions, literary expression, as in more recent years, has taken on either the impressionistic or the expressionistic temper. And, I might add, when mankind has become mad, we have dadaism or surrealism.

Do our contemporary writers use strange devices? Do they write sentences which are not sentences and deliberately flout all the rules of rhetoric and punctuation? And do they strew words carelessly over the page, coin new and shocking compounds, and assume that we have an interest in their mental states? And are they, perhaps, singularly unconcerned whether or not they communicate an idea to their reader? We may, as many readers do, dismiss them as simple exhibitionists. But it is more likely that they are saying things in a different way because of a new mood, because they are of a different temper from Milton, from Thackeray, from Emerson. At any rate, the old order is changing; the imagists and such contemporaries as Auden have done something to the lyric; Joyce has changed the novel, and the drama of Yevreinov's "Theatre of the Soul" differs notably from Hamlet even though both are tragedies of the mind.

To understand contemporary literature, then, it is essential to know what literature has been in the past fifty years. The past is always the key to the present. But this paper offers little opportunity for such an historical study. The most I can hope to do is to indicate dogmatically what some of the new emphases are. The reader will be good enough to remember, however, that in writing of a fifty years' sweep one can point out only general trends and cannot pause to indicate qualifications or exceptions to his statements.

First, *the author has retreated from his narrative*. The intimacy which once prevailed between reader and writer has largely disappeared. The chatty pages in

Next Week

DAYS OF OUR YEARS
By PIERRE VAN PAASSEN
Reviewed by Eugene Lyons

HERE COMES A CANDLE
By STORM JAMESON
Reviewed by Herbert J. Muller

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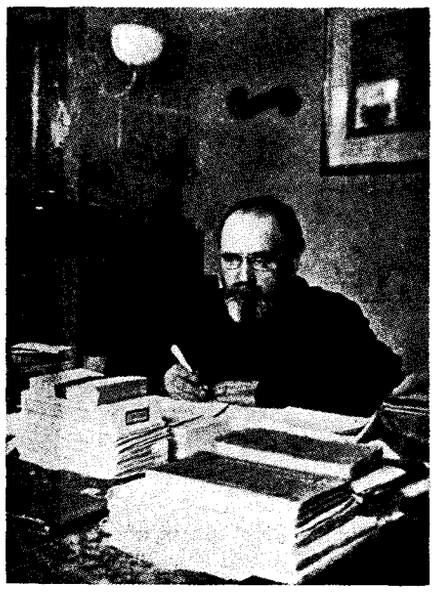
which Dickens or Thackeray stopped and talked with his reader about a particular action of David Copperfield or the background of Becky Sharp are seldom found in the work of a Dorothy Richardson, a D. H. Lawrence, or a Morley Callaghan. Contemporary authors have stepped out of their books and into the minds of their characters, and to step back to talk with their readers would be to destroy the illusion of actuality which they are at such pains to create. Even those writers most intimately personal, most concerned with their emotions, carefully preserve this impersonality.

Action and plot have lost their importance. Whereas classic and neo-classic tragedy were intensely unified and built up the ritual of the unities, and the romantic novel ran riot in an effort to complicate and speed up action, later tendencies have served to weaken the importance of plot and, finally, almost completely to eliminate it. Realism slowed up the action in its desire to emphasize background and character; naturalism in its purpose to serve up a "slice of life" all but discarded plot which, as an artificial arrangement of events, was inimicable to the first principles it advocated. Indeed, of plot it might almost be said that it was sired by Aristotle, nursed into full growth by Dumas, and buried by Zola. "The incidents themselves are nothing, it is the details alone that are important," Zola wrote to Cézanne. Yet, in the same decade that the authors of "Les Soirées de Médan" and the Goncourts were celebrating the obsequies of the imaginative and artificial novel, Mallarmé and the symbolists were glorifying the imaginative and fanciful. The symbolists were anxious to rearrange life, to idealize it even, and thus, although they had no sympathy for the point of view of the naturalists, they heaped the dirt higher on the grave of plot. The exigencies of plot were too rigid for them; they dealt in the ethereal while their contemporaries, the naturalists, wrote of war and drink and sex. But plot held no more interest for one school than for the other.

Some few years later, with the new interest in psychology, emotions and mental states became of central importance. Stephen Crane in "The Red Badge of Courage" sent his Henry Fleming through an almost plotless story of fear and emotions; Joseph Conrad permitted Lord Jim to desert his ship but left us convinced that his hero's reactions were more significant —and more fascinating I must believe— than action could possibly be. Dorothy Richardson in her "Pointed Roofs" and the novels written around Miriam Henderson sought to charm us into being more interested in the quality of a scene than in the scene itself. And so it goes; call the roll of contemporary writers—Joyce, Lawrence, Hemingway,



Emile Zola: "Indeed, of plot it might almost be said that it was sired by Aristotle, nursed into full growth by Dumas, and buried by Zola." . . .

Faulkner, Farrell, and the rest—and where is plot?

The subject matter and interests of literature have moved away from the universal and general toward the individual and the specific. Classical writers presented great truths and put in poetry and drama the common feelings of audience and writer alike. And the civilization of classical periods, whether in Greece or France or England, was characteristically that of *settled* periods when society was more or less unified, convictions were more or less common to all members of a social stratum. Classicism was a literature of "great thoughts" and noble subjects expressed in decorous and restrained language, charged with reason. It attempted to look upon man as complete. It viewed life, in one sense at least, comprehensively. It wrote of an ordered world in an orderly manner.

How far from that we have gone! The romantics taught us a concern for the individual. Realistic writers set up for themselves the ideal of faithfulness to a particular character. Naturalism turned the individual into a subject for a scientific case study. The impressionists came along and insisted that writers portray not the haystack but the impression the haystack made on a particular day at a particular moment. And then our more recent expressionists have taught us not to try to represent the haystack at all, at any moment, but rather to ascribe to it the emotions and sensations which arise within us as we behold the stack! Unless we include the dadaists and the surrealists, the first of whom would deny the very existence of the stack and the second of whom would tell us to write of a dream of a haystack which didn't exist—can literature go farther from the universal? We have not only gone so far as to forget the universal but as to imply the absence of the particular!

From great truths we have marched ahead to small truths and even to aberrations, from the "common feelings" of mankind to the uncommon feelings of characters under great stress and, perhaps, even diseased, and from "large appearances" we have gone to the minuscule. Homer did not tell us, some critic has pointed out, whether the face that launched a thousand ships was a blonde's or a brunette's. Yet that is a detail we moderns insist on knowing.

I may be allowed to suggest, before the reader sheds too great a tear for the sedate days of classical literature, that what has happened to writing may be what has happened to life itself since the golden age of Pericles. Life *has* become more complex; science *has* broadened our knowledge and taught us a scattered interest; unity *has* departed from a civilization wracked with the warring attitudes of fascism, communism, and democracy; psychology *has* diverted our attention from externals to internals and made us all conscious extroverts or introverts. The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome have given way to the hypocrisy that is Hitler and the bombast that is Mussolini. Queen Anne has moved over to make room for Mrs. Windsor, and Emerson's Oversoul has settled in California and become theosophy. Like it or not, this is a world of particulars and the universal is buried under the specific. Writing, then, in reflecting these changes, has only once again given evidence of its relationship to life.

As writing has advanced, the principle upon which authors have selected their material has constantly expanded and become more catholic. Perhaps this change more than any other has made enemies among the conservatives for contemporary literature. "Nothing is sacred any more," such readers cry, too readily assuming that, because contemporary literature sometimes finds its material in the psychopathic ward and seems to allow itself few inhibitions, these writers have simply become careless or licentious. Every artist has always chosen situations, problems, people, details with an eye to his immediate purpose—otherwise he is no artist. It is not necessarily a desire to shock, to be gauche, which takes the writer into the psychopathic ward; it may be, rather, that the twentieth-century writer has a real desire to learn of the working of the mind.

I have written of the varying moods which have characterized literature. Each of these moods has its own principle of selection. The classical author admitted to his work those aspects of life which

(*Continued on page* 16)

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Faulkner's Double Novel

THE WILD PALMS. By William Faulkner. New York: Random House. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

THE spreading title of Mr. Faulkner's latest "novel" shelters not one story but two. We may owe this to the author's generosity or to his sense of economy, or the combination may represent an artist's sincere experiment in narrative form; but one reviewer, at least, finds it impossible to agree with the publishers' statement that "In this novel Faulkner orchestrates, in two parallel stories, the major themes of flight and refuge." The stories are related only by the physical device of printing them in alternating sections between the same covers, and there is no evidence of orchestration. The theme in each case is that of flight. Charlotte and Harry seek to escape from the world into a warm and private hay-mow of physical love; the nameless convict, who has been carried to freedom by a Mississippi flood, escapes from the responsibilities of life by a voluntary return to his prison haven.

The bare bones of Charlotte's and Harry's story are familiar enough, as the skeleton of any love story must be. A married woman falls in love with a bachelor, and for him deserts her husband and two children; the lovers pit the strength of their passion against the world, and, at the last, pay in full for what once would have been called their sin. Similar plots —under such titles as "All For Love; or The Price They Paid," and "The Errant Wife; or Why Did She Do It?"—flourished among the paperbacks that littered our attics in the nineties. But now they flourish with what a difference! The "modern" novelist has put the asterisks of his grandfathers on a paying basis; with his candid camera and his scalpel and his psychoanalytic science, he spares neither his characters, nor himself, nor his readers anything. The body's once sacred precincts, the mind's darkest recesses, are his happy hunting ground. As a result of his newly acquired license, he can bombard his public with a series of galvanizing charges that were, only yesterday, morally and legally taboo. He can do this for the sake of literature, or for the sake of rank sensationalism. In the past, at times, William Faulkner has skidded from the higher to the lower level. But in his telling of the story of Henry Wilbourne and Charlotte Rittenmeyer — despite the shock-tactics that he employs, the chances that he takes, and the slippery path he treads—he does not skid. It is a love story that kindles our imagination, persuades our reason, and leaves us emotionally shaken.

It is all, of course, a little larger than life, and in a way simpler; more intense than normal experience, and at times tangential to common reality. Faulkner's characters are always more or less out of the ordinary focus—sometimes, for the ordinary eye, they are fatally so—and their creator has been known to set the frontiers of a private world, emotional and intellectual, between himself and the generality of his readers, leaving them to the sad reflection that without understanding there can be no belief. But here he indulges in no such flight.

Charlotte is the kind of heroine who is dear to novelists who live by their brains: a woman of sex all compact, irresistible in her sexual drive, ruthless in her urgency. She is perhaps an exaggeration, an ideal, a symbol; but she is understandable, as is Harry, who is caught up in the whirlpool of her compulsions and with her swept to destruction. We come to believe in this man and this woman; at each stage of their journey, our participation in their emotional and

Decoration by Rudolph Schwartz

psychic life is more nearly complete and more deeply felt, until, finally, we are ready to experience the full impact of their journey's ending—a tragedy not quite concluded, and, so long as memory endures in one of them, not wholly tragic. We believe, too, in Charlotte's husband, whose own compulsions are far from stereotyped but entirely comprehensible. He is an original creation, finely realized.

Compared to the lovers' drama, the story of the nameless convict and the Mississippi flood (despite the violence of the raging waters and the convict's physical exploits: exploits that would make Paul Bunyan recognize in him at least a baby brother) is strangely monochordic, calm, and undisturbing. The descriptions of things seen and actions performed are vividly successful; the author makes us see what he would have us see. But the communication of emotion is comparatively meager, and the flouting of physical probability sometimes suggests that we should read the tale as an allegory rather than as a factual narrative designed to convince and move us.

The two tales are separate and self-sufficient, distinct and individual in matter, in manner, in spirit, and in time. A decade lies between the action of one and that of the other. It may be claimed that a certain vague irony is achieved by their juxtaposition, but a similar effect could be produced by printing together in similar fashion—to take only one possible pair—Benjamin Constant's "Adolphe" and Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat." Some readers may find it an exhilarating game to straddle the backs of two stories simultaneously; others may feel that the exercise is merely annoying and unnecessary. For my part, I am convinced that neither story gains anything from the enforced union, and I am fairly sure that both are losers. The emotional sweep of the one is interrupted by the almost purely physical action of the other; and the final phase of the convict's history is less compelling than it would have been had it not been made to follow one of the most powerful and affecting scenes, or series of scenes, that William Faulkner has ever written. However, neither tale by itself would have sufficed for a "full-length" book; and Mr. Faulkner has a weakness for novelty for its own sake. So, as matters stand, the publishers have their book and the author has his novelty.

William Faulkner's style has seldom served him better than it has in many passages of this novel. It often serves him badly, and he would do well to note the fact. Too often he displays a perverse liking for syntactical complexity; for a needless, unorganized, and unrewarding complexity. The thirty-five-line-long sentence that begins on page 23, and the second paragraph on page 130, are only two examples of what I mean. The disjointed clauses and outrageous parentheses, the suspended and fractured meanings, are an affront to both eye and ear. Complexity is excusable only when complex ideas require expression, and even then an author's refusal to organize his thought is inexcusable. Logan Pearsall Smith has recently deplored the piece-of-string sentences with which so many writers now content themselves. Mr. Faulkner, contemptuous of mere string-lengths, flies to the opposite extreme and produces what may be called the duffel-bag sentence: into it he chucks anything and everything, helter-skelter, pulls the cord, and leaves to the reader the job of sorting out the contents. It is a deliberate act, not a careless one, of course. It is done for effect, but the effect does not come off and the mess remains. He fails just as conspicuously when he indulges in what must be called "fancy writing." There are numerous examples of this style in "The Wild Palms," and one need only contrast them with those other passages, in which the author has permitted simplicity to triumph, to measure the extent and cost of his wilful folly. William Faulkner has a great talent and a great deal to say. He should say it in the best way of which he is capable.

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Wife and Mother

FROST FLOWER. By Helen Hull. New York: Coward-McCann. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

WHEN a novel has a wide scope the reader may rejoice and give thanks, but a wide scope is not essential to a good novel. (By "scope" I mean the range, not of incident merely, but of human emotion investigated.) A piece of fiction which probes to its depths one emotion, one human situation, may be a great work of art equally with novels of wider range, but it has a certain handicap of monotony from the point of view of the general reader.

Miss Helen Hull is a writer who adopts and accepts this handicap as a deliberate formula for her careful studies of the domestic American scene. In "Frost Flower" she surmounts this handicap triumphantly for those who share the one emotion investigated, less surely perhaps for those who do not. Her heroine, Phyllis Collings, is a happy wife and mother, and it is her defense of hearth and home, her essential "housewife" reaction to danger, which is the theme of the novel. This housewife note is sounded from first page to last, in a reiteration which to some will convey increasing poignancy, to others perhaps increasing irritation.

In the early stormy days of her marriage to the difficult Edwin, Phyllis took a lover, and through this passing fancy learned how permanent was her feeling for her husband. Now, twenty years later, this past infidelity threatens the whole domestic structure she has so carefully and lovingly built up. Andy's jealous widow will poison Edwin's mind, hint loss of reputation to Phyllis's friends, destroy her daughter's trust, unless Phyllis can ward off this menace, not so much from herself as from her loved ones. She springs to their defense. In my opinion her method is entirely wrong, and indeed her behavior throughout is altogether too exasperatingly conscious; she continually asks herself, for instance, whether she has used "the right tone," and such questions in themselves are liable to destroy trust in their asker's sincerity. But Miss Hull has, of course, the right to study such a type if she chooses; and this portrait of a modern housewife, 1939 vintage, though not perhaps very subtle, is accurate, detailed, and entertaining. The rest of the characters are lightly but adequately sketched; the fine old father, the harassed brother, the vampire sister-in-law, the two college-age children. Edwin would be more interesting than any of them, we feel, if we were allowed to know him better.

Incidentally, what a feminist tract could be made of this novel! "Extraordinary," muses Phyllis, "the unconscious and unflagging surveillance a family kept upon its wife and mother." It is too true: the poor woman never has a moment alone in which to confront her problem—even in the silent watches of the night Edwin's toothache demands her attention. And of course dear Edwin cannot get through his toothache without Phyllis; nobody in the house can get through anything without Phyllis. The salad, the coffee, Jack's driving, Edwina's morals, the Major's heart attacks, Edwin's inferiority complex, the maid's sulks: these and all other details of "the intricate task of relationship" *chez* Collings, depend on her; she is the pillar of the house, the Wife and Mother. We watch her defense of her complex position with sympathy and suspense, even with affection, while wishing that she had more time to devote to her own soul. The solution of her problem does not shirk reality, but it does, I think, shirk the deep emotions on which surface realities are based.

Phyllis Bentley, author of "Inheritance," "Sleep in Peace," and other novels of England, is now in this country on a lecture tour.

Narrowing Horizons

THE DEATH OF THE HEART. By Elizabeth Bowen. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

JOHN STRACHEY has already, in the pages of this magazine, called this remarkable novel a description "of the banality and despair of the English middle class." Banality is a strong word, despair a stronger one; yet, on the evidence which a series of novelists has submitted to us, they do not seem inappropriate. Whatever his faults, the English novelist is anything but insensitive. Preoccupied for the most part with middle class life, he has produced over the past ten years the portrait of a class whose horizons have narrowed around it like a prison. It is the portrait of some collective ego, turning round and round upon itself like a whirlpool, and throwing up as it turns a brief spray of vitality and hope.

"The Death of the Heart" is one of the most conscious of these novels. Miss Bowen has achieved the emphatic feat of being at once detached from and submerged in the life that she describes. She sees it as something complacent, resigned, malign, and futile; she sees it also as striving not to be any of these things. She does not blame the individual human being, and so her characters have not the unconvincing appearance of people already condemned. They continue to exist as best they can, they try to be nice, but they form a hopeless pattern.

Portia Quayne, a girl of sixteen, who has spent her life moving to and fro in the hinterland of Riviera hotels, at length an orphan, comes to stay with her upper-middle-class relatives in London. Nothing in her unconcentrated past has prepared her for this experience. She is innocent and hopeful; she expects that when life offers, it offers to lead somewhere. In the Quayne household she is to learn that it leads nowhere—or, what is worse, leads almost imperceptibly to the betrayal of confidence and love. A holiday with a somewhat lower-middle-class family by the sea serves to make this betrayal more absolute. It is a passage from the upper to the nether whirlpool.

Elizabeth Bowen "does not celebrate dying individuals, but a dying era" . . .

A reviewer feels that he must either write a whole essay about this book, or very little. It is enough to say that Miss Bowen's observation is profound and her expression of it rotund. Taking them both together, they are almost incredible. So is her restraint. She does not commit the very venal mistake of pressing her despairing theme, like stones in the old torture, upon the chests of her characters. As a matter of fact, each one faces the succeeding days with something like hope. To this extent, all true novelists of despair must be individualists; otherwise their novels become tracts, or sermons, or elegies. Elizabeth Bowen does not celebrate dying individuals, but a dying era; and her discrimination in this respect is so nice that "The Death of the Heart" must be called, not merely the finest of her novels, but one of the finest, one of the deepest, (and, to be honest, one of the most depressing) of contemporary English novels.

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Great Whig

LORD MACAULAY, VICTORIAN LIBERAL. By Richmond Croom Beatty. Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press. 1938. $3.

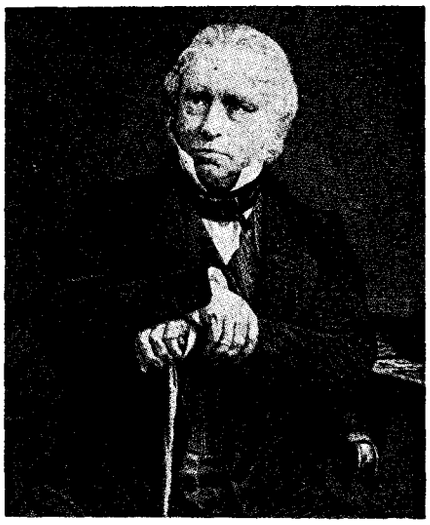
Reviewed by WALLACE NOTESTEIN

THIS book adds something to our knowledge of Macaulay. The author was given access to the journal of Macaulay now in Trinity College, Cambridge. That journal had been quoted extensively by Sir George Otto Trevelyan in his classic biography of his uncle, but additional quotations are used in this volume. The new material makes it possible to analyze Macaulay's character perhaps a little more adequately than before, and the author is not backward in such analysis. It may be said for him that he is more careful than most of our literary meddlers with psychology. The author has another advantage; he has profited from the many books and articles about Macaulay and his works turned out since Trevelyan's day, and he has got from them not only new details but many of his interpretations.

The book is easy reading. It would be difficult not to be interesting with Macaulay as a subject. Mr. Beatty has a straightforward, natural style. He attempts no Guedalla tricks and he imitates neither the devices of Lytton Strachey nor the stream-of-consciousness methods of Virginia Woolf. He uses no literary refrains. He writes in his own way and that way holds our attention and does not distract from what he has to say.

He has a good deal to say, in tracing Macaulay's many activities. Macaulay's career as a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, his relations with Macvey Napier, the editor, the reception of his essays, his controversies with Croker, his career in the House of Commons, his law reforms in India, his shift from politics to history, his experiences as a diner-out and member of the Holland House circle, all these are traced with attempts at comment and judgment. One could wish that the author had explained in more detail what it is tempting to call the most significant achievement in Macaulay's life, his part in creating the India Civil Service. It was upon the Indian model, it will be remembered, that the English Civil Service was based. Mr. Beatty recognizes Macaulay's talents and achievements, but they interest him less than the man's behavior.

It is the character of Macaulay that he would give us, perhaps the least significant aspect of that brilliant man, if character is ever insignificant. Beatty pictures him as one who bestowed his affections more and more exclusively upon his sisters and their children. The marriages of those sisters had been to him almost bereavements. The man was "strangely sexless." "As far as the records show he was never once in love." But records of such matters are often missing. Beatty



Lord Macaulay

believes that as Macaulay grew older he well-nigh cut himself off from friendship outside his family. He became increasingly censorious of those whose paths he crossed in society.

This book is so much more honestly and painstakingly done than many biographies nowadays that it is ungracious to criticize it. But one cannot avoid saying that the author is not thoroughly familiar with the world in which Macaulay lived. True, he has worked it up conscientiously; he has made few actual mistakes; at least I have not detected them. But in a number of places he gives away his inexperience with the early nineteenth century scene. It is as if he had consulted an ordnance map rather than walked over the ground. He has not lived long enough in Victorian memoirs and pamphlets. Moreover, his twentieth-century superiority about the Victorians and their ideals is slightly distasteful, as distasteful as he found Victorian smugness.

When the reader has finished with Beatty, let him send off to Blackwell's in Oxford and procure for himself, if he does not already own it, Trevelyan's "Life and Letters of Macaulay." That book remains one of the best of English biographies. It is about a man whose stock is going up again, has gone up from, say, 55 to, say, 78, and will be quoted at yet higher prices. Even if the biography of Macaulay was put together by his devoted nephew, it was done with an aspiration nothing to extenuate. It affords the reader the pleasant chance to look behind the words of the letters and to determine for himself what was the personality of this remarkable figure.

Those who prefer the fresh paper and odor of new books, who like to have matters arranged for them by topics and to have opinions delivered, opinions that are on the whole well considered and fair and that will be usable in their reading clubs, will stick to Beatty.

Wallace Notestein, Professor of English history at Yale University, is the author of "English Folk."

Source Book on Il Duce

MUSSOLINI, RED AND BLACK. By Armando Borghi. Translated by Dorothy Dudley. New York: Freie Arbeiter Stimme. 1938. 75 *cents.*

Reviewed by EUGENE LYONS

FOR many years the official Mussolini legend, carefully fashioned by armies of Fascist orators and press-agents, has bruised itself against a little book written by a former neighbor and political associate of the Duce, the Italian syndicalist leader Armando Borghi. Little known to the larger reading public, it became a source book for all writers and speakers who sought to cut through the synthetic official biography of Mussolini to the unheroic and rather sordid story underneath.

The book first circulated in its original language, Italian, under the title "Mussolini in Camicia." In 1932 it was published in Paris in French, and thereafter in other places and tongues. The first English version, retitled "Mussolini, Red and Black," appeared in London in 1935, but only a few copies reached this side of the ocean. Its publication at long last in America is therefore an event worth noting.

Though of another political grouping, Borghi was in intimate contact with the Italian Socialist movement of which Mussolini was a minor leader in the pre-war years. A native of Romagna, like Mussolini, and deeply involved in the labor struggles and ideological conflicts of their common region and common age, he came to know the future Duce through and through. His vigorous and meticulously documented story of the earlier Mussolini is simple, straightforward, and utterly convincing. The Mussolini who emerges from the record is a venal, unprincipled megalomaniac who betrays his closest comrades, his loudest boasts, his sweethearts.

Borghi describes the political landscape of the province where both he and his subject grew up. It was a country in which "it was a reproach to be without a party." Mussolini became a Socialist, like his father before him, and brought to his Socialism an anti-clerical passion as well. The curious and almost picaresque career that followed—as vagabond, demagogue, pacifist, and war-monger, finally as political turncoat—is traced by the author largely in Mussolini's words.

Anyone interested in estimating that career cannot afford to miss Armando Borghi's book. Borghi has remained faithful to the enthusiasms of his youth almost in the same measure that his countryman Mussolini has been false to them. He is today an exile, nearly forgotten, while Mussolini sits on a throne. But in the ultimate summation of history this little book is likely to figure in the story of Mussolini despite all Fascist efforts to expunge it.

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Anonymous Reviewing

AMONG other matters which recur perennially in our editorial correspondence is the question whether book reviews should be signed or unsigned. There seems to be a feeling among a number of readers that reviews, when printed without a reviewer's name, somehow become more authoritative; that the air of impersonality is an encouragement to deep and objective criticism.

This is a point of view which we have never been able to understand. The argument for the unsigned review has always seemed to us the argument for adopting the policy of an ostrich. Evidently it is based on the belief that reviewers will write anonymously with more candor and more cogency than they will if the responsibility for what they write is clearly taken by their signatures. Once in a while, perhaps, there is something in this; but surely it is so only in special cases. There may be occasions when anonymity might free an authority from some particular constraint in discussing a book in his own field; but we cannot imagine any reason why he should prefer to write reviews anonymously as a regular thing. On the other hand, there are many more occasions when anonymous reviewing will open the way to logrolling—or to the opposite, which is as bad or worse.

These two great dangers of unsigned reviews are comparatively rare in the United States, owing to the policy, which is nearly universal among American newspapers and magazines which review books, of publishing the reviewers' names. No doubt signed reviewing makes possible a certain amount of exhibitionism, but this is not necessarily, or even frequently, the case. And in any event, it is harmless. We cannot see why anonymous book reviews should be preferable to signed book reviews, any more than why anonymous books should be preferable to signed books. Readers who mistake anonymity for objectivity are probably the same ones who think that if what they read is lively it must be superficial, and if it is dull is must be profound.

Fabian Franklin

IN the death last week of Fabian Franklin the *Saturday Review* lost one of its most indulgent friends and valued contributors. A man of remarkable parts, to use an old-fashioned phrase he himself would have relished, he made his mark as mathematician, economist, and editor. But it was in none of these capacities so much as in the vigor and generosity of his personality that he has indelibly impressed himself upon those who were privileged to know him. A man passionately devoted to truth, who stood foursquare against injustice and oppression, he could flame with indignation at one moment and delight with vivid enthusiasm the next. Christopher Morley some years ago in the *Evening Post*, of which Mr. Franklin was then associate editor, presented an informal sketch of the man which caught his essential spirit so completely that we quote from it* now as more revealing of a remarkable personality than anything we could write:

"I suppose that B———, —I wish I could name him, but it would be an indecency to do so, for part of his charm is his complete unconsciousness of the affection, and even adoration, of the little group of younger men who call themselves his 'fans'—I suppose that B———'s talk is as nearly Johnsonian in virtue and pungency as any spoken wisdom now hearable in this country. To know him is, in the absolute truth of that enduring phrase, a liberal education. To his simplicity, his valorous militancy for truth, he joins the mind of a great scholar, the placable spirit of an eager child.

"I said 'Johnsonian'—yet even in the great Doctor as we have him recorded there were a certain truculence and vehemence that are a little foreign to B———'s habit. Fearless champion as he is, there is always a gentleness about him. Even when his voice deepens and he is well launched on a long argument, he is never brutally dogmatic, never cruelly discourteous. . . .

"What a happiness this is to listen to—he (bless his heart) now and then apologizing for his copiousness, little dreaming that we are all better men for hearing him; that his great gray head and clear kindly eye ('His mild and magnificent eye': whose is that phrase?) are to us a symbol of Socratic virtue and power; that there is not one of us who, after an hour or so with him, does not depart with private resolutions of honor and fidelity to wisdom. . . .

"Of course—it is hardly necessary to say—we do not always agree with everything he says. But we could not disagree with *him;* for we see that his broad, shrewd, troubled spirit could take no other view, arising out of the very multitude and swarm and pressure of his thought. Those who plod diligently and narrowly along a country lane may sometimes reach the destination less fatigued than the more conscientious and passionate traveler who quarters the fields and beats the bounds, intent to leave no covert unscrutinized. But in him we see and love and revere something rare and precious, not often found in our present way of life; in matters concerning the happiness of others, a devoted spirit of unrivaled wisdom; in those pertaining to himself, a child's unblemished innocence. The perplexities of others are his daily study; his own pleasures, a constant surprise."

* "Plum Pudding." Doubleday, Page & Co.: 1921.

One with Winter

BY HOLGER LUNDBERGH

COULD only this cold darkness last through the year,
Sharp as nails, and intolerably blue,
The steady frost, without compassion or fear
That shuts the dim, foolish horizon from view.

Could a tree always be etched, and no leaf
Shatter the symmetry of the crown,
And no flower under foot, but the soft grief
Of ancient plants, decently dead and brown.

Why should quick dawns press trumpets to their lips,
Herald with matins an unwelcome sun?
Slowly my heart freezes when April drips
The mild snow of winter in her ample tun.

Could only the cool white stars ever be tall,
The sky glass, and the wind carry an edge,
The daylight always die into no light at all,
And the world safely huddled on a darkened ledge.

Could only winter rule, understanding and complete,
Ever silent, and utterly lonely,
Against the shrill flutes and demanding beat
Of eager young seasons—Could it only.

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Letters to the Editor: *Immortality of Dunne; "Herod and Mariamne"*

Dunne

SIR:—H. G. Wells's article on "The Immortality of J. W. Dunne" hit me in a sore spot. Some time ago I listened to J. B. Priestley on the radio and became interested in his enthusiasm over J. W. Dunne. I bought the book "An Experiment With Time" by J. W. Dunne hoping to get some new information. Alas, I might as well have thrown my $2.75 in the street. I'm done with Dunne and disgusted with Priestley. Being a Lancashire man myself and Priestley a Yorkshireman I expected more common sense from him. I'm glad to see that Wells insists that the immortality of J. W. Dunne is about as assured in another world as it is in this—as far as his book is concerned.

HARRY TAYLOR.

Pittsfield, N. H.

The Indiana Scene

SIR:—This Hoosier read with much interest Richard A. Cordell's criticism of Indiana literature in your December 17 issue. Two minor inaccuracies may be mentioned, "Early" free education is a relative term, as really free education did not come until the adoption of the present state constitution in 1851, when the state was thirty-five years old. The list of colleges founded before the Civil War would have been more complete had it included Franklin, Notre Dame, and Northwestern Christian (now Butler).

HUGH TH. MILLER.

Columbus, Indiana.

The 1635 Hurricane

SIR:—Mr. Allan Westcott asks about the great storm of August, 1635, in New England.

Governor Winthrop recorded that at Boston "it blew with such violence, with abundance of rain that it blew down many hundreds of trees near the towns, overthrew some houses and drove ships from their anchors. The tide rose at Narragansett (now Rhode Island) fourteen feet higher than ordinary and drowned eight Indians flying from their wigwams."

HARRY A. WRIGHT.

Springfield, Mass.

Hebbel

SIR:—Friedrich Hebbel (1813-1863) is one of the four or five chief German dramatists of the nineteenth century (see any history of German literature). His "Herodes und Mariamne" appeared 88 years ago. Now appears the *S. R. of L.* with the notice of an English version as "by" Clemence Dane. And Richard Lockridge, dramatic critic of the *New York Sun,* in his review, gives no indication of ever having heard of Hebbel; rather the contrary. Really! . . .

ALAN R. THOMPSON.

Berkeley, Cal.

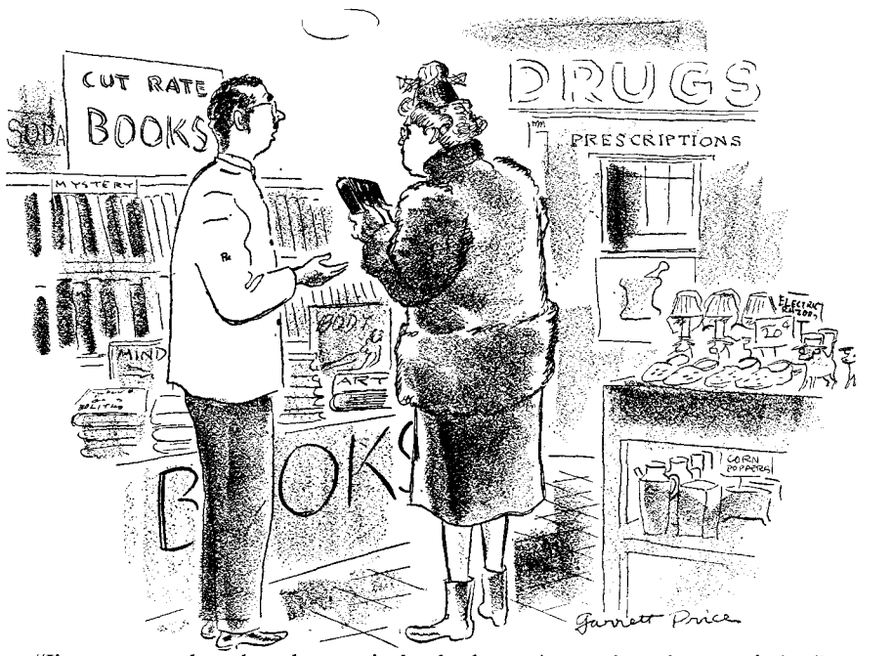
Not That It Matters

SIR:—I had heard of Hebbel, if it matters; his name duly appears on the title page of "Herod and Mariamne" and was omitted from my review by oversight. I apologize for this, as mildly as possible, to Mr. Thompson, who seems concerned, and to Herr Hebbel's memory.

But except for this technicality, the point raised by Mr. Thompson is entirely irrelevant. The play, in its virtues and effects, is completely and characteristically Miss Dane's, as anyone remotely familiar with her work would immediately recognize. Hebbel's original has to the Dane play about the relevancy of Johann Nestroy's comedy to Thornton Wilder's "The Merchant of Yonkers," which isn't much. It's treatment that matters in the drama, not source. Major example: Shakespeare.

RICHARD LOCKRIDGE.

New York City.



"I'm sorry, madam, but that particular book requires a doctor's prescription."

Crystal Palace

SIR:—The Museum of the City of New York is planning an exhibition concerning "The History of the New York Crystal Palace," to open on March 15, 1939.

We are of course anxious to make this show as interesting and comprehensive as possible. I am writing to you in the hope that some of your readers may have illustrative material or souvenirs relating to the Crystal Palace which they might be willing to lend for inclusion.

GRACE M. MAYER.

Museum of the City of New York,
Fifth Avenue, 103rd to 104th Streets.

St. Agnes Eve

SIR:—I know that Mr. Morley is an admirer of the "Eve of St. Agnes." Has he ever wondered why Keats named his hero Porphyro? Madeline, Hildebrand, and Lord Maurice are Teutonic. But what is Porphyro? I often revolve that question in my mind at this time of year.

The other day, I was reading Aubrey's "Miscellanies" in which there is a section on "Magick." Aubrey details the lore associated with St. Agnes Eve, and quotes, incidentally, a masque by Ben Jonson:

> *And on sweet Saint* Agnes *night*
> *Please you with promised sight,*
> *Some of husbands, some of lovers,*
> *Which an empty dream discovers.*

Five pages later, Aubrey tells a story of Jamblicus, concerning the Mysteries relating to divine names. He begins, "Porphyrius asks the question why priests make use of certain names which carry with them no known import or signification?"

Could Keats have been reading Aubrey shortly before writing his poem?

WM. J. GRIFFIN.

State Teachers College,
St. Cloud, Minn.

Louis Freeland Post

SIR:—I am writing a biography of Louis Freeland Post, single taxer, editor of *The Public* in Chicago, and assistant Secretary of Labor in the Wilson administration. Should any of your readers possess material relating to Mr. Post I would appreciate their communicating with me. All contributions will receive proper acknowledgment and will be returned immediately after transcription.

STUART PORTNER.

5211 Second Boulevard
Detroit, Mich.

Edward Sylvester Morse

SIR:—I am engaged in preparation of a biography of the late Edward Sylvester Morse of Salem. I would appreciate hearing from any persons who have letters from him or recollections and data which would add to the portrayal of his personality. Any letters or material loaned will be carefully handled and returned.

DOROTHY G. WAYMAN.

14 Chestnut Place
Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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The Real Mozart

THE LETTERS OF MOZART AND HIS FAMILY. Edited by Emily Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1938. 3 vols. $6 each.

Reviewed by MARCIA DAVENPORT

LABOR on the life, works, letters, and memorabilia of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is always a labor of love. Mozart makes it so. He is no sacred, forbidding ghost to be fearsomely approached and summoned with bated breath from the shadows. He is today as he was a century and a half ago—a fascinating, brilliant, emotional, sensitive, fragile human being, vibrating with a consuming charge of genius; gay, mischievous, also noble and tragic; and richly rewarding of any devotion his fellow-man chooses to show. Mozart was—is—the sort of natural man, without bombast or apology, who commands the intense personal affection of all who know him well. I wrote once of him that "he exists for anyone to know, in his voluminous letters and his still more voluminous works." This is today far truer for English readers than it could ever have been before, because of the extraordinary ten years' labor of love of a reticent Englishwoman named Emily Anderson. She has finally published in three volumes "The Letters of Mozart and his Family," which she has chronologically arranged, translated, edited, and supplied with an introduction, notes, and indices. It is entirely safe to say that no more important work in Mozartiana has been done in twenty-five years, since Ludwig Schiedermair brought out in 1914 the (at that time) first complete German edition of the Mozart letters.

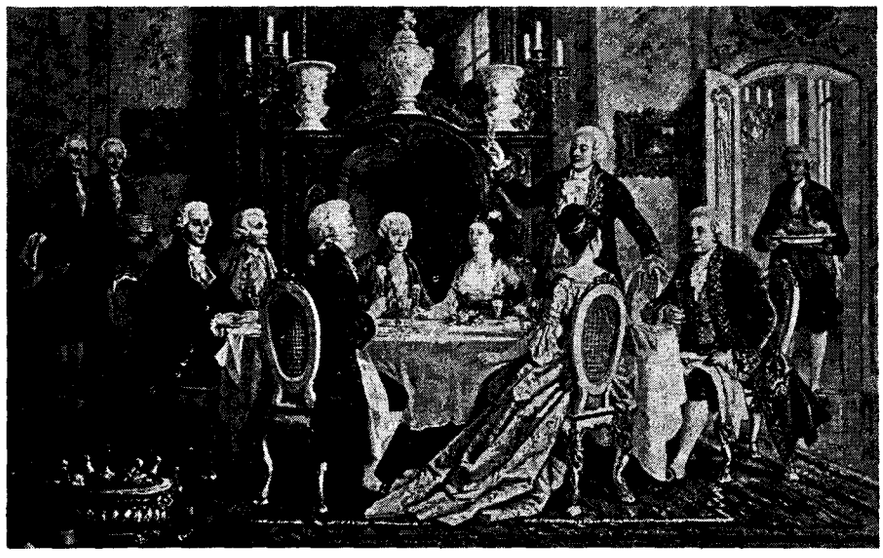
Miss Anderson's work is so exhaustive that each part of it requires special and separate commendation. Most important, the translation itself is masterly. Not only are Mozart's letters appearing here for the first time anywhere in absolutely unexpurgated, uncut, and uncompromising form, but they are set over into delightful English with a vivid and subtle grasp of Mozart's personality and idiom. The translation is fearlessly literal, even to the reproduction of the filth, mostly in four-letter words, with which Mozart as a youth filled his letters, not only to his little fat girl cousin in Augsburg, but quite casually to his parents and his sister as well. No more severe dispellent will ever be found for the few scattered remains of the popular sentimental nineteenth-century legends. But, in these early communications, it is not only Mozart who emerges into startling contemporary reality, but his father as well, for this edition includes all the letters of the entire Mozart family during the span of Wolfgang Mozart's lifetime, and concludes with an appendix composed of the letters that Mozart's widow, Constanze, wrote to J. A. André of Offenbach, who bought up all the manuscripts that Mozart possessed at his death. These letters appear here for the first time anywhere, in translation by Mr. C. B. Oldman, the distinguished British musicologist and Mozartian, and are interesting not only as proof of the change in Constanze after Mozart's death, but because of the light they throw on certain compositions of disputed authenticity, such as the "Wiegenlied" and the E flat Violin Concerto.

But it is Miss Anderson's phenomenally painstaking, detailed, and documented work before which the whole world of musicology must pause and give thanks. No matter of punctuation, emphasis, or innuendo—in which Mozart abounded—has been too unimportant to receive her careful attention. She succeeds in making a translation that is not only literal in word, but in sense, and imbues it with a contemporary feeling for colloquialism that intensifies the impact of Mozart's own slangy and jocular language. She points out the comparatively crude education of Mozart's mother, and the sketchiness of his own education other than in music, which is reflected in casual disregard of grammar and other niceties of written speech.

As for the editing—that is so valuable as to become, together with the letters and the use of Dr. Alfred Einstein's edition of the Köchel catalogue—as good a guide to knowledge of Mozart as any of the biographies. In the future, Miss Anderson's work will take its place at the very top of the Mozart bibliography, indispensable to all concerned with the subject. Each place and person mentioned in the text of the letter is identified in a brief footnote, and tied into the chronology through the index.

Because of the editor's careful chronological arrangement of the family letters, where each communication is followed—allowing for the passage of the ten days that the post required between, say, Salzburg and Paris—by its answer; and because of the astonishingly full detail in which the Mozarts customarily wrote; and because of the vividness of their speech and the frankness of their opinions; and because of the importance to them of traveling, with the great matters of their lives consequently recorded in the most intimate form, a thorough reading of these letters leaves one wondering why anyone undertakes further "interpretive" biographies of Mozart. Certainly the new material contained in the Anderson publication necessitates the revision, in many places, of all the existing biographies. Miss Anderson has consulted so many authorities, so extensively, that there can be small occasion for any further dispute over such questions as the famous letter of 1791 which Mozart was thought to have written to Lorenzo DaPonte, in which he predicted his death. This now seems to be apocryphal, and as such is omitted by Miss Anderson. On the other hand she has discovered in a fine-combing of the public libraries and private collections of Mozartiana wherever they exist, many hitherto unpublished and sometimes unknown letters which throw new light on matters previously considered conclusive.

It is only natural to inquire into the ardent student and able writer who is responsible for this magnificent work. Miss Emily Anderson has been a name unknown in British musical and literary circles. Persistent questioning brings out only that she began this work ten years ago, having studied at Berlin and Marburg Universities, and taken her Ph.D. at the latter. Her only previous published work was a translation, in 1923, of Benedetto Croce's work on Goethe. She is extremely retiring and categorically refuses any information the circulation of which might lead to her being lionized as she



Dinner in honor of Mozart: from a painting by Borckmann

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deserves to be. Currently she is engaged in a work of research for the British Foreign Office, and she holds a lectureship at the University of Galway, Ireland. And she is an amateur pianist.

It must be a satisfaction to her, not only to have brought this invaluable, timeless work on Mozart to successful completion, but to realize what a contribution she has made to all study of the subject. This is one of those rare definitive works which makes obsolete all that preceded it in its field—such as the rather quaint English translation of the letters by Lady Wallace, and the excellent one by M. M. Bozman which, however, is very incomplete. Miss Anderson's prefatory list of the librarians, curators, musicologists, and other authorities whom she has consulted in her work shows that, a passionate scholar and indefatigable student, she left no cranny of possibility uninvestigated. And such is the pace, the polish, and the charm of her writing that it is worthy even of Mozart.

Marcia Davenport is the author of one of the best lives of Mozart in English.

Fantastic Dramas

THESE ARE REAL PEOPLE. By Rosita Forbes. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1939. $3.

Reviewed by HASSOLDT DAVIS

YOU scarcely need the assurance that these are real people, so clearly and credibly are they shown, despite their trappings of fiction. Nor need you doubt that the scenes are actual, for Miss Forbes is one of the most accurate, and incidentally most entertaining, of explorers. In this volume she has collected ten adventures, ostensibly true, from her seventeen years of travel. All are of remarkable people, the women mysterious and forceful, with "closed faces," the men "with a genius for destruction," usually, who lived for an intense moment or a lifetime in Sumatra, New Guinea, Morocco, and other strange parts, where Miss Forbes attended the fantastic dramas she describes.

There was the Man Who Made Fear at the edge of the Red Sea, and was finally worsted by his polyp of a wife. There were the Zebra Men of Devil's Island. There was the haunted planter of New Guinea, and the baby who drank wine and ate with a murderous knife. The book is built of violence, of corrosive fears, of evil, indomitable ambitions, of witchcraft in which Miss Forbes quite evidently, and with fair reason, believes, as do many who have lived free of their own cultural bias in savage communities. Though explicitly she claims no credence of magic, she is unwilling to deny the grisly head which confronted her in Samoa, nor the frequent and tangible substance of terror which she could not rationally explain.

Rosita Forbes inspects a tree house: from "These Are Real People."

These things happened (and this skeptical reviewer is frank to admit that he has been witness to them), so Miss Forbes has recorded them simply and with that fine sense of humor which pervades all her books and seems adequate to extricate her from any situation. To render them palatable, however, she has presented them in short story form, with the result that her book has both the virtues of fiction and of pure travel writing, with the disadvantages one might expect from a combination of the two. Were her stories better constructed and not inclined to anticlimax, and if the joint of discernible fiction and fact were not quite so obvious, they would gain both in credibility and force. They are in any case good reading, and several of her least likely assassins may be counted upon for a long while to enliven your most lonely nights.

The Other Americas

LATIN AMERICA: A brief history. By F. A. Kirkpatrick. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. $3.75.

Reviewed by ERNEST GRUENING

THE political and social history or the contemporary depiction of the twenty Latin-American nations tends to treatment as a unit. Despite the divergences between them based on physiographic, climatic, aboriginal—and later immigrant—ethnic differences, their common denominator remains so large that Latin America (the only justifiable, all-inclusive appellation for the independent political states between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn, and from the Caribbean republics to the Galapagos Islands) inevitably continues to be regarded as a cultural, political, and economic conglomerate. In the effort to produce a one-volume condensation, the vastness of the terrain to be included, the length of the era under consideration—four centuries—and the variants above noted, are compensated for by a common pattern. This uniformly displays: discovery in the last years of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries; penetration and conquest in the sixteenth; colonial rule for three centuries comparatively unvaried in its basically exploitative character; revolt and liberation in the early nineteenth century (except in the case of Cuba); a century of political independence from the old world under dictatorships and republican forms of government, an era which contributed something to literature, and in Mexico, to painting, but nothing to science, natural or political, excepting a few doctrines in the field of international law—an era, in short, of ephemeral political figurines whose tale is quickly told.

These one-volume epitomes in English have been well done by Williams, by Robertson, by Rippy, and their use as text-books keeps them up to date by revisions. Another text of the same nature should therefore offer unusual qualities to justify its appearance. Mr. Kirkpatrick's "Latin America" passes this test handsomely. The author skips the pre-conquest period, an omission justifiable in such a compendium and less important in a historiography which is political rather than cultural in its emphasis. The arrangement of his material is excellent, its presentation incisive and readable, his judgments objective and fair. It is evident that the writer has a thorough mastery of a vast amount of material, is conversant with the controversial nature of the issues that have arisen in the last half-century—as in Mexico, and especially in connection with the Monroe Doctrine and related inter-American problems. One may disagree with his view that the United States's occupation of Haiti and Santo Domingo was "work done for the world," and regret the omission of material revealing the economic bases for the interlude of rampant U. S. imperialism from the eighteen nineties to its abandonment with the enunciation of the "Good Neighbor policy." A few sentences would have sufficed—and indeed, throughout, Mr. Kirkpatrick reveals the art, so necessary under the limitations imposed by space, of revealing a great deal with a few words. However, in the retrospect from the year 1939, these temporary trends naturally seem far less important than they did a decade ago. In sum, we have, from a British source, a craftsmanlike, scholarly, and judicial contribution to the existing literature on the other Americas.

Ernest Gruening was adviser to the United States Delegation at the Seventh Inter-American Conference in Montevideo, 1933.

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Lloyd Douglas's New Novel

DISPUTED PASSAGE. By Lloyd C. Douglas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

MR. LLOYD DOUGLAS wrote his first novel ten years ago at the age of fifty-two, but he had been writing inspirational essays during his many years as a Congregational minister. In 1929 while preparing a series of homilies on "personality expansion through self-investment in the rehabilitation of other people's lives," he introduced a narrative thread, believing that a story would attract more readers than would the bleak essay form. Literary history repeated itself, and somewhat accidentally a novel was the result. "The Magnificent Obsession" was a magnificent surprise for author and publisher and for hundreds of thousands of readers who wanted, as Bernard DeVoto pointed out, their Harold Bell Wright streamlined. Fan mail talks; and six thousand grateful letters convinced the author that his true medium was fiction rather than the oral sermon. The subsequent novels—"Forgive Us Our Trespasses," "Precious Jeopardy," "Green Light," and "White Banners"—were rapturously received and they cemented his position as our most popular inspirational novelist.

Mr. Douglas's new opus, "Disputed Passage," will not disappoint his large audience. The beloved ingredients are all here: a guileless hero who triumphs over obstacles and rises from obscurity to eminence by obeying the dictates of both heart and duty; a crusty surgeon who is eventually convinced that science and sentiment may lie down together; a thug and thief who behaves like a gentleman when he is treated like a gentleman; a Great Love that moves to a happy consummation in spite of hurdles nearly an inch high; the pervasive, comfortable sermon that courage, self-sacrifice, and generosity pay attractive dividends. There is a trace, too, of a new ingredient, not strong enough, however, to alarm the faithful: there is an occasional passage reminiscent of the young Sinclair Lewis—a captious reference to the Boy Scouts, the pernicious influence of the alumni in shaping university policy, tedious religious services, conventional funerals.

It is Mr. Douglas's good fortune in "Disputed Passage" to generate much sound and fury without offending any of his devoted readers. When he seems to be most provocative, he is most soothing; when he attempts to hurl down the gauntlet, it sails serenely into the empyrean; his assaults on the medical profession will win the approval of all physicians and surgeons; his raps at the church will delight the orthodox; his energetic characters engage in spectacular shadow-boxing that brings no pain to them or to the reader; the wisdom of the East in Lan Ying (somewhat naive) confronts the wisdom of the West in Dr. Beaven (very naive), and from their verbose battle both emerge victorious without a scar; and from the central conflict, which arises from a personal hostility between the bearish master-surgeon and his Frank Merriwell assistant, only mutual support and succor result.

Although in "Disputed Passage" Mr. Douglas preaches a great deal about self-discipline, he does not achieve that discipline of language that produces a good prose style. He writes always with the loud pedal down; when he is in doubt about which adjective to select, he uses both, or more; in his frequent employment of such colloquialisms as "canned," "ritzy," "binge," "show up," etc., he achieves frumpishness rather than familiarity. But Lloyd Douglas is a canny novelist who knows his public. "Disputed Passage" will probably be the first best seller of the Happy New Year.

Seven Ages of Woman

YOKE OF STARS. By Frances Frost. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 1939. $2.50.

Reviewed by JAMES GRAY

FRANCES FROST'S new novel offers an extended feminine parallel to the melancholy Jacques's outline of the seven ages of man in "As You Like It." She shows her central character, Judith York, in successive phases: the child; the school-girl; the emergent artist; the divorced woman, doubly burdened with children and the urgent demands of her gift for composing music; the mature woman so driven by duty that her mind almost collapses under tension; the woman of forty-two, reborn in a new experience of love who must face at the same moment a bitter tragedy in the death of her best-loved child; the completely fulfilled individual whose strength has proved sufficient to meet all the exacting demands of her life and who has reached at last a mood of high serenity.

It is an attractive pattern and one which Miss Frost's lyric style is admirably able to embellish with many touches of compassionate understanding and gay humor. If the quality of the writing is uneven, that fault is artfully corrected by a steady improvement toward the close.

The meagerness of Judith's childhood and girlhood make it difficult to accept the preciosity of her gift for composing music. There seems to be no warmth in either her half-mad mother or her mentally undistinguished father which could nourish its development. Deliberately, but with mistaken intent, Miss Frost chronicles, in the first sections of her book, only the acrimonious commonplaces of life in a New England village. She offers too little of the child's imaginative flight out of this drab environment and requires the reader to take on faith the growth of Judith's talent.

But Judith, the artist, is less important even to the author than Judith, the woman. And, to the latter, one gives a spontaneous and sincere respect. All the

Decoration by John O'Hara Cosgrave, II from "Yoke of Stars"

warmth and understanding, all the sensibility and gaiety that Judith missed in her own childhood, she gives to her own sons and daughter in great abundance. She shares with them her gift of humorous imagination while she keeps her problems resolutely to herself. The climate of her family life is kept radiant with good will and honest jollity.

The children do not suffer by comparison with such a mother. They give back a pleasant, juvenile reflection of her exuberance. Miss Frost's ear, sensitive to the raciness of the vernacular and to its poetic overtones, has taught her how to catch the accent of charm and she records it with an air of complete spontaneity.

Less successful is Miss Frost's effort to blend high comedy and mysticism in the scenes when the nerve-shattered Judith chats cozily with a dead friend and lover. These ghostly whimsicalities echo unhappily the strained and baffling tone of Barrie's bitter comedy, "Mary Rose." But Judith in her strength, in her gay resolution and her prevailing courage, is a portrait worthy to be compared with the best in contemporary American fiction.

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BOOK PREVIEW *

"Madame Bovary" on Trial

BY

FRANCIS STEEGMULLER

Dodd, Mead

Drawing by John Austen for "Madame Bovary"

FROM the moment of the appearance of the first installment, "Madame Bovary" was unquestionably a success. Since the death of Balzac, no novel had so impressed the public. It was a thunderclap.

When the *Revue de Paris* for October 1, 1856 went on sale, its editor, Laurent-Pichat, wrote in complimentary style to Flaubert and said that he was confident that the novel would meet with a good reception; with his congratulations he expressed once more some of his reservations about the detailed realism of the book and mentioned the cuts he would like to see made. "Do you think that this ignoble reality, so disgusting to you in reproduction, does not oppress my heart as it does yours?" Flaubert inquired in his reply. "If you knew me better you would know that I abhor ordinary existence. Personally, I have always held myself as aloof from it as I could. But esthetically, I desired this once—and only this once—to plumb its very depths. Therefore I plunged into it heroically, into the midst of all its minutiæ, accepting everything, telling everything, depicting everything, pretentious as it may sound to say so. I am expressing myself badly, but well enough, I think, for you to understand the general trend of my resistance to your criticisms, judicious as they may be. You were asking me to turn it into another book."

As the first several installments appeared, the impact of the book on its readers became apparent. The editors of the *Revue* reported that all the critics, littérateurs, and salon habitués were talking enthusiastically about it among themselves. The publisher Michel Lévy wrote to Flaubert, offering to publish it in book form as soon as the last installment should have appeared in the magazine. Unlike the *Revue,* he actually offered some money for it; "*Fantastique!*" the author exclaimed.

In general the objection raised against the book was the same everywhere: its ultra-realism, the pleasure which the author seemed to take in displaying the sordid, the dreary, the hypocritical. Praise of the book continued, and it was read avidly, but this objection grew. "Everyone thinks I am in love with reality," Flaubert remarked, "whereas actually I detest it. It was in hatred of realism that I undertook this book. But I equally despise that false brand of idealism which is such a hollow mockery in the present age."

"Only the ladies consider me a 'dreadful man,' " he wrote to one of his cousins in Nogent. "They think I am too true to life. That is the basis of their indignation. *I* think that I am very moral, and that I deserve the Montyon prize for virtue. My novel teaches a very clear lesson, and if 'no mother could think of allowing her daughter to read it'—as I have heard stated—I think that husbands would do very well to give it to their wives. But all this leaves me completely indifferent. The morality of art consists in its beauty, and I value style even above truth. I think that into my picture of bourgeois life and my exposition of the character of a woman who is naturally corrupt, I have put as much literature and as much decorum as the subject allows. I have no desire to repeat this work. Vulgar society disgusts me, and it was because it disgusts me that I chose to depict the society in 'Bovary,' which is so ultra-vulgar, so ultra-repugnant. This book has served to train my hand: now to other things!"

But though the complaints of the ladies might leave Flaubert completely indifferent, there were those whom they did not—the editors of the *Revue de Paris.* For "the ladies" were more numerous and more powerful than Flaubert seemed to realize. "As soon as the first chapters had appeared," Max* later recorded, "our subscribers rose in wrath, crying that it was scandalous, immoral. They wrote us letters of doubtful courtesy, accusing us of slandering France and disgracing it in the eyes of the world. 'What! Such women exist? Women who deceive their husbands, pile up debts, meet their lovers in gardens and hotels? Such creatures exist in our lovely France, in the provinces where life is so pure? Impossible!' " Max understood quite well that such complaints came from the type of person who will "drop a book in disgust because one of the characters has horse-dung on his shoes," and to such people as that it was useless to insist that the book was a masterpiece. Flaubert, when he was shown the complaining letters, and reminded that perhaps the *Revue* had been right, after all, to demand more cuts, simply said that the outraged readers were "all crazy."

Things did not stop there, however.

A decree passed by the Napoleonic government soon after the *coup d'état* had abolished freedom of the press. "It had been aimed at political journalism," in Max's words, "but it had all kinds of reverberations, ruining writers who had supported themselves by writing dramatic and art criticism, scientific reports, and serial novels for the newspapers. For many of the papers were suppressed; in all of Paris only thirteen were allowed to exist. It was at that period that the exclusively literary papers were created, in which men of letters could at least try to print and sell their work. But many of these small sheets, though they were concerned only with art, science, and literature, failed to survive: the boundaries of 'politics' were so vaguely defined that it was quite possible to be accused of having set foot on the forbidden domain when you spoke of a museum (since mu-

* *This week* The Saturday Review *presents the story of Flaubert's troubles with editors and censors at the time of the serial publication of "Madame Bovary" in 1856-57. This is an excerpt from Francis Steegmuller's book, "Flaubert and Madame Bovary," to be published February 20 by the Viking Press.*

* Maxime Du Camp, close friend of Flaubert and associate editor of the *Revue.*

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seums are nationally administered) or of the Comédie Française (which is controlled by the Ministry of Public Instruction), etc. In such a case, the guilty were brought to court, fined, and the paper suppressed."

Now, several articles in the *Revue de Paris* had at various times been suspected of this very crime of allusion. Had not Max, one of the editors of the magazine, deplored the exile of Hugo in "Les Chants Modernes"? Were not several of its contributors professors who had been dismissed from the universities during the purge, or even individuals who had been ministers under the Republic? The *Revue* claimed to be unconcerned with politics, but about it hung a suspicious aura of liberalism; it had already received several warnings, and its next misstep would undoubtedly result in suppression. Max's alarm was considerable, therefore, when after several numbers of "Madame Bovary" had appeared, a friend who knew what was taking place in the *"hautes régions du pouvoir"* whispered that he had heard on good authority that the *Revue,* and Flaubert as well, were about to be prosecuted for "outrage of public morals and religion."

The *Revue* acted quickly. When Flaubert opened his copy of the issue of December 1, he found to his consternation that the newest installment of his novel was headed by an editorial note:

"The editors find themselves obliged to omit from this installment a passage which they consider unsuitable for publication in the *Revue de Paris.* They hereby advise the author of their action and assume full responsibility for it." The omitted passage was the description of the wanderings of the curtained cab, inside which Madame Bovary was (all too clearly, the *Revue* evidently feared) surrendering to her second lover.

Max was apologetic, of course. He said there had been no time to warn Flaubert; instant action had been the only thing; Flaubert must understand the gravity of the situation. And he must consent that the final installment of the novel, which was to appear in the next issue, be trimmed of a large number of its passages: only in this way might prosecution possibly be averted.

But Flaubert was adamant. He would not make the slightest concession. If his novel exasperated the bourgeois, it was all the same to him. If he and the editors were called into court, he would accept the call. If the *Revue de Paris* was suppressed, it would be too bad. He would not mutilate "Madame Bovary" to save any magazine. The *Revue* urged him to reconsider; Max even called on Madame Flaubert, who had come to Paris, asking her to intercede with her son; she replied coldly, indicating her belief that Max was deliberately destroying the beauty of "Madame Bovary" because he envied its greatness as compared with his own works. And Flaubert wrote again to

Drawing by John Austen

Laurent-Pichat, stating his position. "The omission of the passage about the cab," he ended, "did nothing to lessen the grounds of the scandal, and the omission of what you want to omit in the next number will be equally futile. You have seized upon details, whereas it is the book as a whole that is to blame. The brutal element is everywhere, not merely on the surface. Negroes cannot be made white, and it is impossible to change the blood of a book. It can be thinned, but not altered."

Unfortunately, the *Revue* had the law on its side. A magazine or newspaper could, it appeared, suppress any passage it chose of a work which it was publishing, and Max informed Flaubert that the editors intended to take advantage of their right. Flaubert begged them to cancel the last number entirely; they refused —such a step would injure the prestige of the magazine. Flaubert had to give in. Max offered him the opportunity of heading the installment with any kind of note which he chose, and furious but trapped he wrote as follows:

"Considerations which it is not in my province to judge compelled the *Revue de Paris* to omit a passage from the issue of December 1; its scruples having been again aroused on the occasion of the present issue, it has thought proper to omit several more. In consequence, I hereby decline responsibility for the lines which follow. The reader is therefore asked to consider them as a series of fragments, not as a whole.

"Gustave Flaubert."

In the *Revue* the last installment was shorn of a dozen passages.

Flaubert was right, however: the *Revue de Paris* accomplished nothing by its suppressions. It was too late and the affair was, after all, political: "Madame Bovary" was but an excuse. Despite the cuts, Max's friends in the government told him that prosecution was unavoidable; the government police were determined to destroy the magazine. Three people would be summoned to court: Laurent-Pichat as managing editor, Flaubert as author, and one Pillet, the printer. Max warned Flaubert to take steps to protect himself, and he rebelliously did so. To his wrath, his fate was bound up with that of a magazine for which he had nothing but contempt. If he went to prison, it would be because of his connection with the *Revue de Paris;* if he won his case, he would save the *Revue.* He was filled with disgust; the world was quickly proving to be what he had always said it was. With all his heart he regretted publishing.

Nevertheless, he was active. He put himself in the hands of an eminent lawyer—Maître Sénard, a Rouennais well acquainted with the Flauberts.

Meanwhile he was receiving compliments on his book from all sides. Even the director of the Beaux Arts, "in uniform and decorations," congratulated him in front of two hundred people at a gathering at the Ministry of State, where he had gone to seek support. When he learned that Lamartine had expressed admiration for the book, he called on him to thank him and ask his aid. It was promised, and the famous man treated him as a personage. "Modesty prevents me from repeating the ultra-flattering compliments that Lamartine made me," said Flaubert. "He knows my book by heart, fully understands what I intended by it, and knows me to my very depths. He is going to give me a laudatory letter to submit to the court, and also certifies as to the morality of my book by the most prominent writers; this is important, Sénard says. My stock is going up: I have been asked to write a novel for the *Moniteur* at ten sous a line—which would make, for a book the length of 'Bovary,' about ten thousand francs. That is where justice leads. . . ."

The thing dragged. There were rumors that both the Emperor and the Empress, influenced by society ladies of Max's acquaintance—*"Bovarystes enragées,"* according to Flaubert—had given word that proceedings should be dropped; for a time they actually were dropped, and then they were resumed, with the Ministry of Justice now supporting the Ministry of the Interior; the closest inquiry seemed unable to locate the responsible officials in either ministry; an issue of a Belgian newspaper which spoke well of "Bovary" was banned from France; Flaubert described the whole thing as a "whirlpool of lies and infamies."

In general, however, he had no fears, for Sénard assured him that the whole thing was too stupid to be dangerous. One of the passages which the prosecution would particularly attack, it became known, was that in which Madame Bovary is given extreme unction, the description of which was considered sacrilegious; as it happened, Flaubert had merely translated the ceremony from the Latin of the Roman Catholic ritual, even omitting some of the strongest passages —there need be no fears on that score. When the summons finally arrived he wrote light-heartedly to the good doctor

(*Continued on page* 17)

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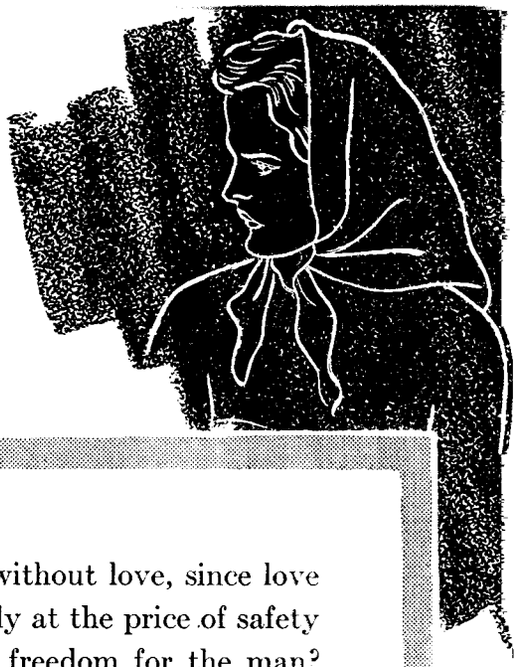
To a woman deprived of a man's love



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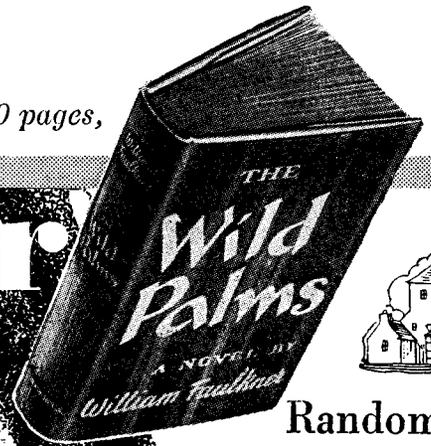

Random House

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The Road to Modernism

(*Continued from page 4*)

fitted in with his sense of decorum and restraint. The romanticist, on the other hand, let down the bars rapidly. He selected with the idea of pleasing, entertaining, of idealizing man and man's life. Realism went further afield, but still generally believed in an orderly universe. It was not until the advent of the naturalistic temper that chaos appeared to rule and restraint seemed discarded. But even naturalism could not tell all. In its desire to present actuality, to study environment and heredity scientifically, it did introduce the hospital, the brothel, and the dram-shop. But in even such disorderly places, order, the order of the naturalist insisting on an unemotional study of social conditions, prevailed.

To point this use the artists of different tempers have made of their materials, we may summarize it all by recalling that the classic writer kept his murders offstage, the realist showed them taking place before our eyes, while the modernist is inclined to show us only what takes place in his character's mind while he contemplates murder. But *selectivity,* according to one purpose or another, is as much a requirement of art today as ever. It is only that different literary tempers select varying materials. The reader who finds the best contemporary writing chaotic, disordered, has probably missed this clue to his author's intent.

The interest of the author in his characters has become more intense. External actions have become less significant than mental states. Human beings, in contemporary fiction, are more complex than they were, usually, fifty years ago. Classical authors generally centered on a unified character, a man or woman motivated by a single quality. Some one "flaw" predominated. Romance, too, portrayed its people in single colors. Aucassin searched for his Nicolette uninhibited and without complexes. And Robin Hood was an extrovert, although the balladists of the past were lucky enough not to have known the word.

What has happened in the matter of characterization throughout the years is manifest at a glance in the contrast between the Ulysses of Homer and the "Ulysses" of James Joyce. In brief the evolution has been from an interest in high and noble characters of rank to the idealized presentation offered by the romantics on through the realist's almost persistent concern with the bourgeois to the naturalist's prevalent interest in characters low in the social scale, unconventional in morals, and frail in character. Then, with the rise of the impressionists and the awakened enthusiasm for psychology, attention was directed inward and we have for the simplicity of a Robin Hood the complexity of a Lord Jim. The expressionists, a few years later, withdrew even further within themselves and all but deserted external action in favor of presenting mental and emotional states.

With this change in the author's attitude toward his characters has come, as well, a change in manner of character presentation. George Eliot, Thackeray, even Meredith, were willing to stop their story for pages at a time to give a direct analysis of an Adam Bede, a Becky Sharp, or a Richard Feverel. Today our writers rarely stop to tell us in so many words what John Jones or Mary Smith is like. Rather we are given a suggestion here, another bit there, until unconsciously we have built up—if the author is successful—a conception of Mary Smith. Conrad does not *tell* us the qualities of Lord Jim; Dorothy Richardson does not lecture us on the doubts which assailed Miriam Henderson. Character with these writers—particularly with the impressionists—is cumulative, is revealed in quick flashes. With Elizabeth Madox Roberts, for instance, we follow the character's mind, learning what we do of Ellen Chesser, in "The Time of Man," by watching her consciousness at work. But the transition from the past to the present is not complete with the stream of consciousness method. The expressionists further complicated the situation. Instead of character itself we are given only a mirrored reflection of character. We are not told what the character thinks, how he feels, in a particular situation, but are rather presented with a series of associations made by the character and asked to deduce from those associated ideas what is actually in his mind. We learn that a man thinks of suicide, for instance, not by being told what is in his mind but by watching a revolver as he holds it in his hand grow from six inches in length to two feet, thus becoming a thing of unnatural terror.

We may, to make clear this difference in attitude toward characterization adopted by writers of the different moods, build our own literary ark admitting, two by two, male and female characters fairly representative of each of the major tempers of literature. As they come up the gangplank, we recognize from classical writing Agamemnon and Alcestis; from romantic, Romeo and Juliet; from realistic, Clem Yeobright and Anna Karenina; from naturalistic, Clyde Griffiths and Nana; from impressionistic, Lord Jim and Miriam Henderson; from expressionistic, Stephen Dedalus and, yes, with him is Apatura Iris, one of the female butterflies from Karel Capek's "Insect Comedy."

Literature has become increasingly subjective, more and more abstract. To Aristotle and the ancients, indeed until fairly recent years, writing was thought to be "mimesis," imitation, representation; to many of the moderns verisimilitude to external nature is almost anathema. One must not state; one must suggest. An instinctive expression is sought. The nearer one can come to writing down directly the fleeting emotions in the miscellaneous order they pass through one's mind, the closer one approximates this ideal. The whole desire is to be subjective, to present nature, if at all, as it is revealed to one individual under a particular stimulus. Experience, mental experience, is the stuff of which the current literature is made. And these writers take their experience neat. Where once it was faithfully believed that the communication of one's ideas to another demanded thought, arrangement of parts, the purpose now is immediacy of communication. If language could only be dispensed with and some readier method found for expressing sensation, these writers would be perfectly happy. It is more important to convey feeling, these writers believe, than to express an idea.

But, since language is still necessary if one is to write anything at all, and since an orderly arrangement of parts, the taking of thought as to what one is to say, take time, how is this immediacy of communication to be managed? The experimentalists have an answer. (It is the same the symbolists gave fifty years ago.) They will use the method of association. One sensation, one emotion, one image, is described in the terms of another. Thus Hart Crane in "The Bridge" confuses his images deliberately when picturing sailing craft:

> Bright skysails ticketing the Line, wink
> around the Horn
> to Frisco, Melbourne. . . .

The sails, I take it, suggested to Crane a series of "tickets" against the sky, and then the "tickets" seemed to *wink* as they passed in and out. What, you have never seen a sail, which was really a ticket, wink? Well, no more have I. But these images flashed unassorted through Crane's mind and, in his purpose to secure immediacy of communication, down they went in his poem.

The only failure these subjectivists can feel is to have their images and fancies, even when accorded the reader's coöperative assistance, fall flat and fail to arouse *any* emotional reaction. "Meaning" is unimportant; emotion is everything. The old doctrine of the rhetorics, "unity, coherence, and emphasis," is jettisoned, and in its place is written "suggestion, association, and indirection."

And all this in an effort to place upon the printed page not simply man's actions, which have always interested literature, but, as well, something of the working of man's mind. It is the most hopeful objective which literature, in the past few decades, has set itself. It characterizes, largely, the current temper of writing. But the reader who would understand it must be willing to travel indirectly, and he must carry part of the creative burden.

Addison Hibbard is dean of the College of Liberal Arts at Northwestern University. The material in the foregoing article will constitute part of a chapter in his forthcoming book, "Seven Tempers of Literature."

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"Madame Bovary"

(*Continued from page* 14)

who had provided him with his adventure in Marseilles when he was nineteen: "I hereby announce that tomorrow, the twenty-fourth of January, I shall honor with my presence the swindlers' bench of the sixth chamber of the criminal court, at ten o'clock in the morning. Ladies are admitted; decent and tasteful dress required." But as the thing stared him in the face he lost some of his frivolity: "I expect no justice whatever. I shall be convicted and perhaps even given the maximum sentence — sweet recompense for my labors, noble encouragement to literature!"

At the last minute the trial was postponed for a week, and when it took place everything was absurd except an excellent speech by Sénard. The courtroom was full of literary people; when the prosecuting attorney solemnly declared that of the three defendants "Monsieur Pillet, the printer, is an honorable man against whom I have nothing to say," the entire assemblage burst into laughter. Even the presiding justice joined in; he was a man with literary pretensions, and welcomed the case as a change from the usual procession of thieves, pimps, and prostitutes which passed daily before his eyes in this same room. As a passage from "Madame Bovary" was read, his lips were even seen to form the word "Charming." The prosecutor read supposedly anti-religious passages from "Saint Antoine," as they had recently appeared in *L'Artiste*, and his confusion of classical names caused more than one smile. Max, in the audience, exchanged winks with his friends in the dock. At the end of his final speech, the prosecutor urged the Court to be moderate toward Laurent-Pichat and the printer, but to use all possible severity toward Flaubert, the principal culprit.

The second half of the recommendation, however, the Court declined to follow. It was unable to resist a certain amount of literary comment, and expressed somewhat wistfully its preference for works which dealt less with life as it is than with life as it should be, but in the end it stated that "In the circumstances, be it known that it is not sufficiently proven that Pichat, Gustave Flaubert, and Pillet are guilty of the misdemeanor with which they are charged; the Court acquits them of the indictment brought against them, and decrees a dismissal without costs."

Flaubert had saved the *Revue de Paris*.

He was so disgusted by everything that had happened to him since he had undertaken to publish "Madame Bovary" in the magazine that he was revolted by the idea of publishing it as a book. He thought of taking it home to Croisset, putting it in a drawer with "Novembre" and the others, and forgetting it as completely as he could. His mother urged him to publish, however, since people like Monsieur de Lamartine thought the novel so good, and Bouilhet reminded him that by doing so he could restore the text to its proper form. This decided him to accept the offer of Michel Lévy. He sold all the rights to "Madame Bovary" for five years for five hundred francs. It appeared in two volumes, with a dedication to Louis Bouilhet and a note of thanks to Maître Sénard, on April 15, 1857, a year after it had been completed, five and a half years after it had been begun. Fifteen thousand copies were sold in two months.

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Roots of Romanticism

PAINTER AND POET. Studies in the Literary Relations of English Paintings. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1938. $3.50.

Reviewed by W. G. CONSTABLE

THERE are two kinds of learning. one expresses itself through an elaborate jargon and a large apparatus of references and footnotes; the other (which is Professor Tinker's) conceals itself beneath a deceptive simplicity of style and an almost casual quotation of authorities. Here is no layman speaking to laymen; but a far more unusual thing, knowledge and wisdom so shaped that the layman can understand and enjoy them. Professor Tinker may, in his own words, "make no pretensions to the role of art critic." But his capacity to see what is present in a painting puts many art critics to shame, and behind that capacity lies a knowledge of the English eighteenth century which it is almost insulting to mention in connection with the editor of Boswell's letters.

The book has for its text some lines from William Collins's "Ode to Simplicity," referring to the "powers of song."

> Though taste, though genius bless
> To some divine excess
> Faints the cold work till Thou
> [simplicity] inspire the whole.

Here, says Professor Tinker, is the advanced poetic position of the eighteenth century, in which is anticipated the ideas that inspired the Romantic movement at its height; and he sets out to enquire how far such ideas influenced the painters of eighteenth century England. From this enquiry two things emerge that are usually forgotten or unrecognized: that those painters were creatures of their age, and must be considered against the background of their age; and that they had aspirations and achievements outside the portraiture of people and places, to which current patronage tended to confine them.

So considered, the greater painters of the period take on a new rotundity, and acquire a new significance, even though they fit less tidily into textbook classifications. Hogarth's impulsiveness and inconsistency become coherent and understandable in light of the moral and humanitarian ideas which dominate his life; and his portraits, his religious paintings, his moralities, and his satires, make up a tolerably consistent pattern. The chapter on Blake covers a well tilled field, but is probably the best short analysis of the relation between Blake's pictorial and literary work that has appeared. It is, however, the portrait painters who give Professor Tinker his real chance. The dramatic elements in Reynolds's portraits has long been recognized; but the extent to which drama was a fundamental part of Reynolds's make-up, and the way in which it came out in directions other than portraiture, has never been so clearly and convincingly set out.

Reynolds, also, was in a measure influenced by the idea of a return to Nature, which took shape in an admiration of the noble savage, typified for him by Omai the Tahitian. An incident in Reynolds was a dominating force with Gainsborough; though for him Nature (and an escape from fashionable portraiture) meant the English countryside. Clearly to realize this is to understand how Wilson and Constable both proceed out of Gainsborough. Unfortunately, intent upon other matters, Professor Tinker does not follow up the path his own acumen has opened to him; nor does he make clear the extent to which Romney had a place in the Nature movement. Classical art and neo-classic ideas affected him powerfully. They meant much more to him than sources of material for imitation; but as with Jacques Louis David, they were a gateway for a Return to Nature.

The treatment of this particular theme, indeed, corresponds to a tendency noticeable throughout the book: to assume that the painter is directly inspired by some event, literary or other, outside his own field, from which his own art derives significance. No doubt, the reading of a poem, the witnessing of some natural phenomenon, may be the immediate occasion for the making of a picture. But its form and spirit have deeper roots, which seem to be in the metaphysical attitude of the age, the ruling or rising conception of man's relation to the universe. The Return to Nature movement is not primarily a literary movement which influenced painters and politicians, but something much deeper seated which profoundly affected human action in many fields, including painting. A book on the subject is badly needed; Professor Tinker is the man who ought to write it.

W. G. Constable is Curator of Paintings at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

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The Penn Publishing Company, Philadelphia

New Techniques

DEAD RECKONING. By Kenneth Fearing. New York: Random House. 1938. $1.25.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

OF the younger experimental poets the most active as well as the most accomplished seem to be Muriel Rukeyser and Kenneth Fearing. Both have attempted new approaches toward a common goal; both have united a singular intensity with strange techniques. Where Muriel Rukeyser publishes herself and her emotions with an almost overpowering abandon, Kenneth Fearing communicates his convictions in distorted understatements, satirical asides, tangential references, and purposeful—and curiously effective—interruptions.

Fearing's technique is more startling than that of any of his confrères. In this, the best of his three volumes of poems, he has freed himself of a dependence on purely muscular, hard-boiled idioms which threatened to characterize him as the Ernest Hemingway of modern verse. In this book the tone is richer and the gamut is wider. The devices—the free use of the newspaper headline, the comic strip, the clichés of advertising, the ticker-tape, the radio signal—are not only appropriate, they are convincing.

Elsewhere, I have referred to this as "insurgent" poetry; "resurgent" may be a better word and a more exact classification. For here, in lines which (to quote the unusually accurate jacket) are "modern and daring as skywriting," is another expression of the fresh and fermenting vigor of current American poetry.

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Drive to the East

THE FORGOTTEN PEACE: BREST-LITOVSK, MARCH 1918. By John W. Wheeler-Bennett. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1939. $5.

Reviewed by VERA MICHELES DEAN

THIS scholarly and admirably documented study of the Brest-Litovsk negotiations, which complements the author's penetrating volume on Hindenburg, comes opportunely at a time when Germany's renewed drive to the East creates some of the same problems faced by Russia and the German Empire in 1918. The story of the negotiations, already made familiar by the memoirs of such notable participants as Count Czernin, General Hoffmann, and Leon Trotsky, is here projected against the background of internal collapse from war weariness not only in Russia, but in the Central Powers, subjected to the terrible impact of that economic blockade against which Hitler and Goering claim to have insulated Nazi Germany.

Then, as now, Germany hoped to make itself impregnable against attack from the West by acquiring the raw materials of Eastern Europe—the wheat and iron of the Ukraine, the oil of Rumania, the manganese of Georgia. Then, as now, Germany played on the ambitions of Ukrainian nationalists, who wanted independence from Russia and hoped to obtain it with the aid of German arms—only to discover, after Brest-Litovsk, that German rule was more oppressive than that of the less efficient Russians. Then, as now, Germany browbeat a Slav country (Russia instead of Czechoslovakia) into submitting to Draconian terms, only to increase those terms immediately after they had been embodied in a treaty. Those who have felt since the World War that the Versailles terms were unduly harsh—which they undoubtedly were if the Allies ever hoped for a return to normalcy in their relations with Germany—forgot too often the terms imposed by the treaty of Brest-Litovsk, described by Hitler as "humane" when compared with the Versailles *diktat*. As Mr. Wheeler-Bennett points out, by this treaty "Russia lost 34 per cent of her population, 32 per cent of her agricultural land, 85 per cent of her beet-sugar land, 54 per cent of her industrial undertakings, and 89 per cent of her coal mines"—not a bad model for the Munich peace. In notes exchanged by the two governments on August 27, 1918, Germany, with its usual tact in dealing with non-German peoples, offered to use its "influence" so that Russia might obtain one-third of the iron ore produced in the Ukraine and one-quarter of the manganese extracted in Georgia.

The wrestling-match between Lenin, who with characteristic realism saw that Russia—its fighting spirit weakened by lassitude and Bolshevik propaganda for peace—would have to make territorial sacrifices, no matter how costly, to preserve the newly-won revolution, and the German Supreme Command, which was in desperate need of men for use on the Western front and of food for the civilian population, has seldom been equaled for sheer drama. Neither of the protagonists had any illusions about the other. Both were ready to use any and all methods to achieve their ends. In March 1918 Germany seemed to have won by sheer force of arms. In the long run, the Soviet government succeeded in consolidating its power—even at the cost of the world revolution which Lenin, long before any of his colleagues, had admitted to be illusory. In his interesting introduction, Mr. Wheeler-Bennett suggests that Bukharin, Radek, and other "old Bolsheviks" accused during the Moscow trials of conspiring with the Nazis and Japanese to overthrow Stalin at the price of surrendering the Ukraine and the Maritime provinces, were merely reverting to Lenin's Brest-Litovsk tactics. As he himself points out, however, Bukharin and his group belonged in 1918 to the school of rabid "patriots" who demanded a fight to the finish with Germany, as compared with Lenin, who advocated peace at any price, and Trotsky, who evolved the tantalizing formula of "no war, no peace." And it is not improbable that, had Lenin lived, he might have approved Stalin's policy of consolidating Russia rather than pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of world revolution through the bogs of post-war Europe.

Of particular pertinence to current events is the final chapter on the aftermath of Brest-Litovsk, which gives the little known history of Russo-German relations during that twilight period between ratification of the Brest-Litovsk treaty and November 9 when, following the great débâcle in Germany, the Congress of Soviets annulled what Lenin had called the "Tilsit Peace." This chapter offers illuminating data both as to the extent of communist propaganda openly conducted in Germany by Joffe, Soviet Ambassador to Berlin, and the measure of resistance encountered by the German General Staff when it attempted to impose its rule on the Ukraine. Joffe's activities, as Mr. Wheeler-Bennett makes clear, came when Germany was already demoralized by four years of grueling warfare and economic stringency, and can in no sense be branded as a "stab in the back." But they left just enough fear of communist tactics in their wake to provide Hitler with an argument—which he has greatly inflated—against the alleged plot of "international Jewry" and "Jewish Bolshevism" to destroy Germany.

The passive resistance of Ukrainian peasants in 1918, which defeated Germany's attempt to use that region as its granary, might well give pause to the more venturesome Nazis who hope that the Ukraine may prove another Sudetenland. The Ukrainians may not relish Soviet methods, as many of them demonstrated by their passive resistance to collectivization in the "naked year" of 1933. But that does not mean that they would welcome the Germans with open arms. Domination of Russia's vast and as yet not fully exploited resources tempted the imagination of German writers and soldiers long before Hitler. Even the dynamic Nazis may discover that it is as elusive as the famous little blue flower of German legend.

Vera Micheles Dean is director of the Foreign Policy Association.

"—a theme worthy of Homer"—

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"This certainly is the best of Maurice Walsh's books to date, so good a book indeed that it transcends the classification of mere romance and bids fair to take a place among the greater historical novels written in English. Taking a theme worthy of Homer, the author has written pages of Homeric quality."—Shaemas O'Sheel in *N. Y. Herald Tribune Books.*

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The New Books

Fiction

SKIN DEEP. By Clarence Budington Kelland. Harpers. 1939. $2.

Mr. Kelland's favorite type of hero is the pedantic, osseous young scholar who appears to be remote from mundane realities but actually possesses considerable presence of mind, cunning, physical strength, and nerve. In the present instance the hero, Bertram Erasmus Dillsome, is an astronomer who inherits a national beauty parlor chain from his aunt. The business is threatened by several faithless colleagues of the deceased aunt, who are boring from within. Dillsome with the help of a young lady ferrets out the conspiracy, brings the faithless employees to justice, and marries the girl. In spite of repeating a familiar formula Mr. Kelland manages to write an uproarious book. You will finish reading it very quickly and you will find you have been laughing immoderately most of the time.

R. S.

THE YOUNGER VENUS. By Naomi Royde Smith. Macmillan. 1939. $2.50.

This is a fragile, sentimental tale which, although somewhat streamlined, is strongly reminiscent of the innocent love stories of the nineties. When the story opens, Mrs. Adderly and her two daughters are departing for a year on the continent, having rented their quiet Devonshire home to Anthony Frome, young writer and art critic, and a specialist in the Botticelli school. Susan, the younger daughter, is to all appearances the physical reincarnation of the Botticelli Venus, although she doesn't suspect it until halfway through the book. And we are not too surprised that Frome looks like a twentieth century edition of Simonetta's ardent lover, Giuliano de' Medici. How Frome, embittered toward all modern women because of a recent infatuation with a heartless actress, falls in love with Susan's photograph, and how Susan rescues the lost Botticelli drawings and thus removes the mist that beclouds his fair name, make up the thin plot. But the novel is rescued from banality by the author's deft characterizations and her indubitable skill. This reviewer must confess that it seemed as unrelated to life as lived in 1939 as are the novels of "the Duchess," but we are sure that daydreaming adolescents of all ages will find it tender and charming, and to these we recommend it, the more confidently because of its finished dialogue and careful writing.

M. S. U.

History

AMERICA SAILS THE SEAS. The History and Romance of America on the High Seas from the Fifteenth to the Nineteenth Century. By Frank C. Bowen. McBride. 1938. $3.75.

This volume shares the merits and defects of most of Mr. Bowen's earlier volumes, which total at least fourteen. Its chief value lies in enabling the reader to acquire some 170 full-page marine prints at a cost of little more than two cents apiece. These are for the most part selected from the extensive and magnificent collection of A. G. H. Macpherson, which is without a rival in the marine field. The pictures, chosen with discrimination, give an admirable visual idea of the development of shipping from Viking boats to the crack vessels of the later nineteenth century.

As for the text, a boy of fifteen, or an adult reader uninitiated in sea lore, will doubtless find it a pleasant and comprehensive introduction to the subject. It adds comparatively little to the already available knowledge, however, being apparently based largely upon existing works rather than upon original research. Mr. Bowen presents a readable survey of seagoing activity which affected America from the pre-Columbian discoveries down to fairly modern times. Those better acquainted with maritime history, on the other hand, may be concerned over the occasional omissions and errors.

The four-page bibliography, designed "merely as a guide for those who want to go a little more deeply into the subject," contains scarcely a title published since 1925 and does not seem primarily designed for a work on American maritime history. With all its shortcomings, the book remains an interesting survey of the doings of warships, privateers, and merchantmen, illustrated in an admirable manner.

R. G. A.

CALIFORNIA IN 1792: THE EXPEDITION OF JOSÉ LONGINOS MARTÍNEZ. Translated by Lesley Byrd Simpson. San Marino, Cal.: Huntington Library Publications. 1938. $2.75.

The journal of the naturalist Longinos contains comments upon the flora, fauna, and other natural phenomena of the two Californias. Of principal interest are his comments upon the life of the Indians,

(*Continued on page* 22)

HARPER
Prize Novel Contest

Manuscripts may now be submitted for the Harper Prize Novel Contest. The final date for submission is January 31, 1939. A circular giving full details of the contest and the prize will be mailed free on request.

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The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE AFFAIR AT THE GROTTO *Esther Havens Fonseca* (Crime Club: $2.)	Two doctors slain at Wisconsin health resort. Mike Lindquist, Scandinavian sleuth, despite amateur hindrances, catches killer.	A bit top-heavy with plot, but people are odd and interesting, winter scenery invigorating, and finish both surprising and logical.	Good
THE NATION'S MISSING GUEST *Hulbert Footner* (Harpers: $2.)	Sultan of tiny British protectorate visits America and is killed on train. Lee Mappin thwarts guileful Moslems and spots slayer.	Palace intrigues of vengeful Orientals on American soil, vanishing jewels, pleasant romances, action to burn, acceptable sleuthing.	Agreeable
EVEN DOCTORS DIE *Lindsay Ansow* (Crime Club: $2.)	London reporter aids ill American girl on street. Five deaths follow, all solved — with police help—by sprightly pressman.	Opening chapters and finish pack considerable punch but intervening matter is cloudy and often soggy with Grade Z British humor.	Has its points
TELL DEATH TO WAIT *Anita Boutell* (Putnam: $2.)	Caustic lady book-reviewer falls to death at party in mist-enveloped Cotswold cottage. Bosom friend has her ideas about "accident."	Fever-heated emotions, tangled lives of various characters, and tragedy-laden atmosphere beautifully handled—but fog gets into plot.	Tense
THEY HANG THEM IN GIBRALTAR *Barry Perowne* (Hillman-Curl: $2.)	Raffles, redivivus again, "by permission of estate, etc.," escapes cops as usual in series of adventures on Gibraltar.	Ingenious and reasonably exciting crook stuff, with wraith of old Gentleman Cracksman going through motions.	Ho hum!

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

WE always remind our readers that January 20 is St. Agnes Eve; the right time to read Keats, whose *Eve of St. Agnes* is 120 years old this year. ☞The first volume of Scribners' new Hampstead Edition of Keats (to be complete in 8 volumes) is now ready; this notable set crowns the achievement of the editors, the two Buxton Formans (father and son) whose labors in honor of the poet have continued through more than half a century. ☞A unique feature of this set is Miss Naomi Kirk's biographical sketch of the poet's brother George Keats who came to America and became (says Scribners' announcement) "the first millionaire of Louisville, Kentucky." ☞Tennyson's poem on the theme of St. Agnes Eve is not often remembered; but we recall it from boyhood in the old Houghton Mifflin Household Edition (1899) of Lord Tennyson; there it is illustrated by a drawing of the nun, in her nightgown, standing in a very draughty stone turret and ecstasizing (at an open window) on the snowy landscape. ☞Accurate to the text, with good old Houghton Mifflin fidelity the artist shows the lady's breath vaporized by chill; her prayer for heaven would soon be answered (we felt sure) by pneumonia. ☞We hope Houghton Mifflin know how grateful we still are for their solid editions of the classics, on which most of our generation were raised. They, with Chapman & Hall, Macmillan, and Ginn, were the first publishers' names that became actual to our young mind. ☞John Winterich in his admirable *23 Books & the Stories Behind Them* reminds us that the Philadelphia edition of Keats (Grigg & Elliott, 1832) preceded the first English collected edition by 8 years.

☞John Crowe Ransom, in the first issue of his vigorous *Kenyon Review* (quarterly, at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio) remarks that "there was a streak of laziness in Shakespeare." ☞Ditto in Old Pusillanimous Quercus, who admits himself unable to answer most of the inquiries for further information about this and that. ☞The proper destination for such inquiries is an intelligent bookseller; if the bookseller you consult has no gumption for answering questions, move your trade to another. ☞Professor Ransom continues (editorializing about Shakespeare) with the perilous suggestion that Shakespeare might have shown more "philosophical pattern" if he had worked his way through college. ☞In spite of the general American idea that Working One's Way Through College is a noble achievement, those who went through at someone else's expense probably got more out of it. ☞In college is the place to discover and caress the creative streak of laziness—that is, the wise reluctance to fall at once into pattern—which Mr. Ransom has accurately noticed in our argentine Swan. ☞The Collectors' Bookshop (37 West 47) in its second catalogue of First Books by American Authors lists a copy of John Ransom's *Poems About God* (1919) at $17.50. ☞Among other desirable literary chrysalises the Collectors' Bookshop has ferreted out *Yale Verse* (1909) with six poems by "Harry S. Lewis" and one by "H. Sinclair Lewis"; *Dream Drops*, printed for Amy Lowell at the age of 13; Edna Millay's baccalaureate hymn for Vassar College in June, 1917; and Alexander Woollcott's *Mrs. Fiske* (1917) in which to the author's dismay his name was misspelled on the title-page. ☞We thank Nat Olds, in that gay weekly *The Villager* (Greenwich Village, N. Y. C.) for reminding us of the immortal notice once posted in the reading room of the Boston Public Library: *Nothing but low conversation allowed in this room.*

☞Among the guests of honor at the 7th annual luncheon of Southern Authors, to be held at the Park Lane Hotel on January 28, will be Hulbert Footner. His *More Than Bread*, an unusually candid novel of southern Maryland—a region mostly untilled by pen—is one of the books chosen for homage by the Southern Women's National Organization. ☞The University of Pennsylvania Press announces the sixth volume in the series sponsored by the Rosenbach Fellowship in Bibliography. It is *Three Americanists*, by Randolph G. Adams, director of the Clements Library at the University of Michigan. ☞Norman Dodge, the ratiocinating editor of *The Month at Goodspeed's* (Boston) has been checking up the diaries of George Washington for the Founding Father's luck at cards. 1772-75, G. W. lost £78/5/9 and won £72/2/6. ☞This year's applications for Houghton Mifflin Fellowships must be filed with the H. M. Co. at 2 Park St., Boston, by April 1. These fellowships carry $1,000 above royalties to "promising writers to aid them in completing projected books."

☞In a pleasant but too brief visit to the campus of the University of Wisconsin, Old Q. found the University Press justifiably proud and happy over a delightful book it has just published, *Science in a Tavern*, by Dean Emeritus Charles S. Slichter of the Graduate School. This is a collection of pungent and informal papers on scientific topics; the title-essay deals with the origin of the Royal Society which began as a tavern convivium of heavy eaters and hard drinkers, nearly three centuries ago. ☞Dean Slichter says in his preface that he "began life on the staff of an American institution when its students numbered about three hundred, and served it half a century until the attendance rose to ten thousand or more. It was life in an expanding universe." ☞Another unusual little book, kindly given us by Gilbert Doane of the University of Wisconsin Library, is *Alice in Virusland*, in which Dr. Paul F. Clark, professor of bacteriology, was courageous enough to give the presidential address to a scientific society in the form of a witty and very suggestive parody of Lewis Carroll's fable. ☞Science is never so instructive as when it lets down its hair.

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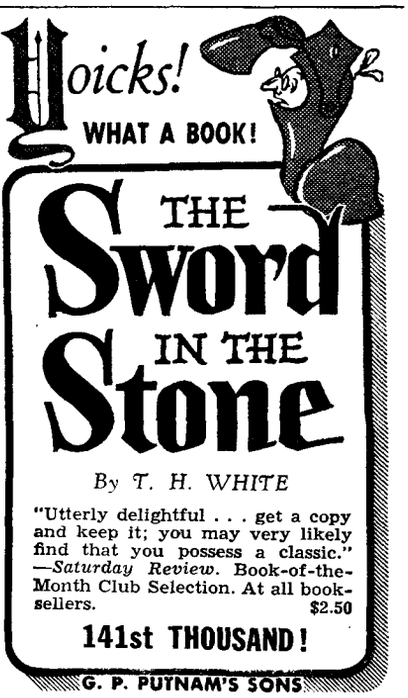

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The New Books

(*Continued from page* 20)

many of whom were at that period living in a state of completely primitive squalor. The book is an interesting item of Americana. The translator is to be congratulated upon a valuable piece of work in his careful deciphering of the manuscripts and his production of an extremely readable English text. The notes, by the translator and by other experts, are excellent.

G. R. S.

International

JAPANESE TERROR IN CHINA. By H. J. Timperley. Modern Age Books. 1938. 75 cents.

In December, 1937, Japanese censors in the foreign cable offices at Shanghai suppressed messages on the Nanking atrocities which Mr. H. J. Timperley tried to send to the *Manchester Guardian.* This well known British correspondent has now paid back the Japanese in coin which may not prove to their liking. He has painstakingly collected a number of first-hand documents on the actions of the Japanese soldiery in various cities and sections of China. All of them are eye-witness descriptions of events, written by foreign missionaries, doctors, educators, or business men. They add up to a damning indictment of the methods by which Japan has pursued its conquest of China. Most illuminating is the series of letters sent by the Refugee Zone Committee at Nanking to the local Japanese authorities, and supported by literally hundreds of case histories which came to the personal attention of the members of the committee. These appeals for action by the Japanese authorities fell on deaf ears, and the appalling state of affairs at Nanking continued through January and into February before any large measure of improvement was brought about. There is but one satisfaction which can be extracted from this gloomy record. The brutal excesses visited by the Japanese army on the Chinese civilian population contributed, perhaps more than any other single influence, to the stiffening of China's will to resist and to the cementing of political unity.

T. A. B.

Psychology

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF HUMAN CONFLICT: The Clash of Motives Within the Individual. By Edwin R. Guthrie. Harpers. 1938. $2.75.

Professor Guthrie takes up the usual topics of general psychology, namely, associative learning, associative inhibition, habits, desires (conscious and unconscious), and interests. In so doing he refers more or less briefly to the work of the Thorndike school of experimental psychologists on learning, Watson's work on conditioned reflexes, and Freud's and Adler's theories of "desires." As to types of personality, discussed in a later chapter, Jung's formulations get most attention. The last eleven chapters, which deal with psychopathological phenomena, such as dreams and neurosis, amnesias and fugues, and with certain common sources of conflict, such as family situations, draw heavily upon Janet, Morton Prince, and more popular authors.

Indeed, the points of view shift with the subject matter more than the introductory chapters lead one to anticipate, and in retrospect what seemed promised, a system, is not realized. Instead each chapter might almost stand alone, as a brief essay on its major topic. The chapters are too short and the subjects they deal with too large for the essay to be satisfactory, as a rule. Consequently the general effect is one of rather superficial or desultory treatment of the topic. The chapters are not sufficiently held together by a unitary point of view, nor are they in themselves adequately exhaustive or informative.

Nevertheless, except for a few errors of fact on the whole irrelevant, the book represents an easily readable, at times sprightly, account of many things that are being done and talked about in modern psychology.

B. D. L.

WRITERS

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1-T	2-O		3-Y	4-S	5-U	6-V	7-O		8-W	9-R	10-M	11-W		12-Y	13-C	14-D
15-V	16-R	17-F		18-S	19-C	20-H		21-N	22-Y	23-P	24-Q	25-U	26-X	27-I	28-C	
29-B	30-J	31-Z		32-U	33-Q	34-N	35-Y	36-Z		37-H	38-B		39-L	40-Q	41-C	42-T
43-E		44-E	45-T	46-M	47-X		48-N	49-R	50-P		51-M	52-B		53-G	54-K	
55-J	56-H	57-G		58-U	59-I	60-R	61-V	62-L		63-I	64-D	65-B		66-G	67-H	68-Y
69-A	70-O		71-H	72-Z	73-M		74-N	75-S	76-U	77-O	78-F	79-L	80-H		81-I	82-L
83-T	84-X	85-R	86-V		87-M	88-Z	89-J		90-V	91-B	92-O	93-R	94-C		95-K	96-T
	97-I	98-G	99-J		100-Z	101-N	102-M	103-D		104-K	105-X	106-R	107-E	108-Y		109-T
110-A		111-T	112-M	113-Q	114-D		115-U	116-P	117-B	118-T		119-H	120-K	121-D		122-Y
123-Q	124-S	125-J	126-I	127-V	128-R	129-M		130-Y	131-J	132-V	133-B	134-H	135-N	136-E		137-B
	138-L	139-E	140-P	141-O	142-X		143-Z	144-I	145-P	146-D		147-Y	148-Q	149-M	150-R	151-H
	152-C	153-M	154-I	155-F	156-V		157-N	158-I	159-V	160-W	161-E	162-R		163-A	164-B	165-Z
	166-S	167-O	168-C	169-U	170-I	171-V		172-W	173-G	174-Z		175-W	176-H	177-Z	178-X	
179-J	180-Z	181-B		182-F	183-O	184-L	185-E	186-C								

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 17 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. First man (Norse myth.).

B. Subsisting on bread.

C. Doctrine of the Epicureans.

D. Death personified.

E. Soother of pain.

F. French cheese.

G. The first woman (Norse myth.)

H. Not in love (comp.).

I. Casual.

J. British physicist (1820-1893).

K. Painting by G. F. Watts.

L. Tricksy.

M. Burns the midnight oil.

N. Fragrant.

O. Willingness to accept bribe.

P. Southeast wind (Class. myth.).

Q. Restorative.

R. Immoderate, unrestrained.

S. At no time.

T. Humbug.

U. Concerns, proceedings.

V. Composer of "Petrouchka."

W. Inhospitable sea-giant (Norse myth.).

X. Of variegated hues.

Y. Contrarily.

Z. Nod to and fro unsteadily (comp.).

WORDS

163 110 69

91 29 164 137 133 52 38 117 181 65

152 94 186 19 168 41 28 13

103 121 64 14 114 146

44 185 139 107 136 161 43

182 155 78 17

57 53 66 98 173

56 80 176 67 119 20 71 37 151 134

27 144 158 81 63 97 59 154 126 170

55 179 30 89 125 99 131

120 95 104 54

62 79 138 184 39 82

46 10 129 102 149 112 87 51 153 73

34 21 101 135 48 157 74

77 70 141 167 183 92 7 2

50 145 116 140 23

33 148 40 113 24 123

106 85 9 16 162 128 49 60 93 150

18 4 166 75 124

96 42 109 1 111 45 83 118

5 115 32 25 169 76 58

86 156 6 132 61 15 127 90 159 171

172 8 175 160 11

26 105 84 47 178 142

68 122 3 12 147 35 22 130 108

36 72 177 31 143 88 180 174 165 100

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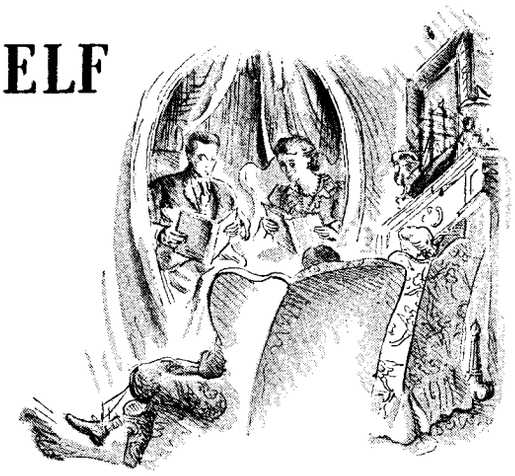
TRUE PICTURE OF YOURSELF AS A BOOK-READER

Here is a list of some good books widely talked about during 1938. Check those you wanted very much to read—and those you did read.



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YOU INTENDED TO READ	NON-FICTION	YOU DID READ
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☐	With Malice Toward Some—Margaret Halsey	☐
☐	The Horse and Buggy Doctor—Arthur E. Hertzler	☐
☐	Fanny Kemble—Margaret Armstrong	☐
☐	Philosopher's Holiday—Irwin Edman	☐
☐	The Coming Victory of Democracy—Thomas Mann	☐
☐	Listen! the Wind—Anne Morrow Lindbergh	☐
☐	The Evolution of Physics—Albert Einstein & Leopold Infeld	☐
☐	Out of Africa—Isak Dinesen	☐
☐	Andrew Jackson—Marquis James	☐
☐	The Promises Men Live By—Harry Scherman	☐
☐	The Summing Up—W. Somerset Maugham	☐
☐	The Fight for Life—Paul de Kruif	☐
☐	Hell on Ice—Commander Edw. Ellsberg	☐
☐	The Folklore of Capitalism—Thurman W. Arnold	☐
☐	Red Star Over China—Edgar Snow	☐
☐	The Tyranny of Words—Stuart Chase	☐
☐	This Is My Story—Eleanor Roosevelt	☐
☐	A Southerner Discovers the South—Jonathan Daniels	☐
☐	Dry Guillotine—Rene Belbenoit	☐
☐	The Importance of Living—Lin Yutang	☐
☐	Madame Curie—Eve Curie	☐
☐	R.F.D.—Charles Allen Smart	☐
☐	Fashion is Spinach—Elizabeth Hawes	☐
☐	The Arts—H. W. van Loon	☐
☐	Savage Symphony—Eva Lips	☐
☐	Four Hundred Million Customers—Carl Crow	☐
☐	A Puritan in Babylon—William Allen White	☐
☐	Goliath: The March of Fascism—G. A. Borgese	☐
	FICTION	
☐	The Yearling—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings	☐
☐	The Citadel—A. J. Cronin	☐
☐	Great American Novel—Clyde Brion Davis	☐
☐	Joseph in Egypt—Thomas Mann	☐
☐	What People Said—W. L. White	☐
☐	Winter in April—Robert Nathan	☐
☐	The Turning Wheels—Stuart Cloete	☐
☐	Imperial City—Elmer Rice	☐
☐	Rebecca—Daphne du Maurier	☐
☐	All This, and Heaven Too—Rachel Field	☐
☐	My Sister Eileen—Ruth McKenney	☐
☐	Northwest Passage—Kenneth Roberts	☐
☐	The General's Lady—Esther Forbes	☐
☐	My Son, My Son—Howard Spring	☐
☐	. . . and Tell of Time—Laura Krey	☐
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☐	The Mortal Storm—Phyllis Bottome	☐
☐	A Day of Battle—Vincent Sheean	☐
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☐	Action at Aquilla—Hervey Allen	☐
☐	Promenade—G. B. Lancaster	☐
☐	And So—Victoria—Vaughan Wilkins	☐
☐	Count Belisarius—Robert Graves	☐
☐	Testament—R. C. Hutchinson	☐

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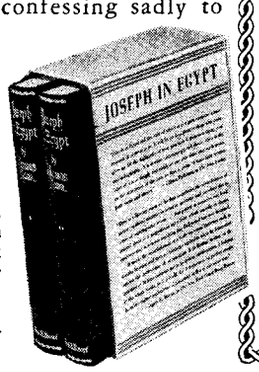

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